A PALPABLE HIT, BUT RICHARD'S SWORD UNBROKEN!

Marochetti's famous bronze statue of Richard Coeur de Lion in Old Palace Yard received very slight damage during a recent raid. A "palpable hit" by a Nazi bomb bends but does not break King Richard's sword. The bomb exploded in the courtyard of the House of Lords, and only slight damage was done to the windows. Glass was blown out and walls were chipped by flying debris, which also covered the golden thrones of the King and Queen. The bomb exploded between the building and the statue.

Photo, Planet News

France is Now Robbed of Food and Freedom

Now the mask is off in occupied France as in the unoccupied zones, and the peasant—who is deprived of his pigs—and the bourgeois alike are forced to realize that, despite the high-sounding promises of restoration and reconstruction from Vichy, their country and themselves are helpless vassals of the Axis. Here is a summary of recent news through neutral and American sources.

WHATEVER the French leaders who gave in to Hitler expected from him, they have been disappointed. Both in occupied and in unoccupied France, according to accounts by neutral observers and escaped French and British nationals, conditions are appalling, with a slight bias for the better in the occupied region. With the example of the treatment of Poland before them, the renegades of the Pétain Government should have known better. Doubtless they expected special treatment, but, except that the full savagery of Hitler's soldiery has not yet fallen on the French, the fates of Poland and France do not differ greatly.

"What a city to loot," Blücher is reported to have said on gazing from St. Paul's upon the City of London. The same sentiment must have entered the mind of his twentieth-century imitator when the Fuehrer ascended the Eiffel Tower (now a national German monument, of which models stand on thousands of mantelshelves in the Fatherland) and gazed upon the wealth of Paris and northern France. Certainly plunder was the first thought of the German occupiers of the fair land of France. The German plan for that country is to reduce it to a nation of peasants—"peasants without pigs," as one observer laconically reports. With Germany as the industrial centre of Europe, the rest is to be a raw material and food producing reservoir, inhabited by serfs who will labour to the greater glory of the Herrenvolk. The plan is applied very simply. All movable industrial equipment of value and all skilled workers are being transferred to Germany from occupied France. To feed the Supermen of the Fatherland the country is being systematically robbed of crops, stocks, cattle, poultry and all farm produce. What the French have left to them—and it is very little—is doled out in miserable rations, amounting to about one-eighth of the amount consumed by the average Frenchman before the war. And to obtain these tiny quantities of food, long queues wait from dawn to dusk outside the shops, while well-fed Nazis roll by in luxurious cars, or great lorries, loaded with plundered provender, rumble eastwards.

Little Food, No Free Speech

The loss of his food is probably the hardest cross the Frenchman has to bear; next to it must come the loss of his political liberties and the rights of free speech. The word "Boche" is verboten and harsh punishment is meted out to anyone heard using it. In its place the word "doryphore" (potato bug) has emerged as the general term for German; doubtless this, too, will be a forbidden word when the Nazis realize its new application. The curfew means that the Parisian can visit his favourite café for only three short periods in the day—at breakfast, lunch and dinner times; entertainment is almost dead except for a few inferior Aryan cabarets brought over from Berlin; friendly visiting is forbidden (no parties of more than eight or so are allowed to forgather); private travel by car or train has ceased; bicycles, being the only mode of locomotion remaining except pedestrianism, are almost unobtainable. The shortage of soap may be endurable, but it is annoying. Less bearable is the shortage of fuel—coal, wood and oil—which, with autumn breezes blowing already and a hard winter in prospect, makes all France shiver in anticipation. There were great stocks of coal and coke in France, gathered together at the Government's request before the surrender; these have been confiscated and carried into Germany.

When the occupation began the French were pleasantly surprised to discover how friendly and urbane the billeted soldiery were, and to observe how generous the authorities seemed to be in the matter of censorship and individual liberties. They were soon disillusioned; within six weeks the velvet glove was removed and the grip of the iron hand was felt. The invaders' attitude entirely changed; whereas at first the French were smiled at and their children's heads patted for the benefit of photographers by Hitler's men, those same soldiers changed into their natural character of blond beast almost overnight. Herded along side streets because their favourite boulevards are reserved for the mighty ones, forbidden to walk in the Bois de Boulogne or along the Avenue Kléber and other famous thoroughfares, the Parisians were now received with hostile stares, curt, contemptuous phrases, and personal cruelty. The mask was off.

Germans Flock From the Ruhr

Into the Paris area have flocked the well-to-do families of the Ruhr and Rhineland, fleeing from the nightly visitations of the R.A.F. These, and the 2½ million soldiers in the occupied zone, together with 250,000 on furlough in Paris, also have to be fed luxuriously, while the semi-starved Parisian looks on. Letters to New York, printed in the American newspapers and reprinted in Britain, tell of the impotent anger of the ordinary Frenchman when he has to witness this degradation of his country. The soldiers he could bear—even admire; but these swine of civilians using Paris as a funkhole—pfui! Further, the cunning with which the Nazis have rigged the currency has rendered every German visitor wealthy and hopelessly impoverished even well-to-do French people. The French currency still exists, but with the franc at twenty to the mark a small fortune is required to purchase even minor luxuries.

These same letters—and reports brought into Spain and Portugal by neutral travellers and diplomats—all stress the same point. The first numb acceptance of the occupation has worn off. The Frenchman may be compelled to helpless silence, but he boils with suppressed rage.

Many of military age, required to enrol at the local kommandatur and firmly "invited" to volunteer for labour in Germany, have disappeared. Tyranny of this and other varieties are making the people realize at last the extent of the betrayal—both of France and of true democracy. They await the opportunity and the signal for revolt against their masters, of Berlin and of Vichy, knowing that their only hope lies in a British victory. They have lost all faith in Pétain

These residents of the famous French port of Le Havre are seen receiving an allowance of tinned ersatz soup from a depot run by the sisters of the N.S.V. or National Socialist Assistance. To judge from their expressions Nazi food does not appear delectable!

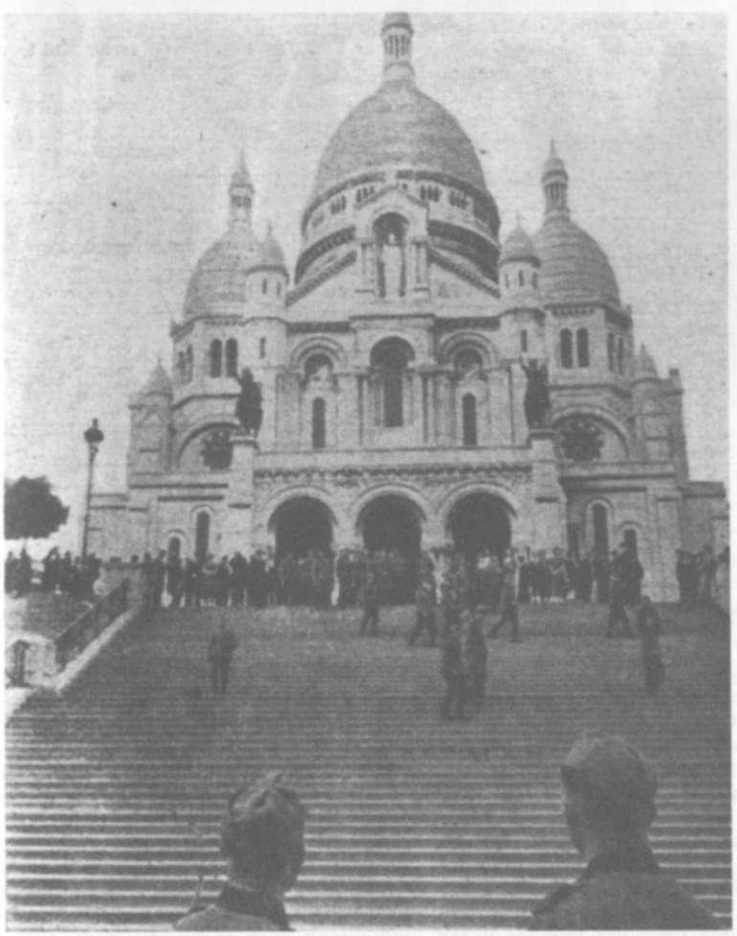
Photo, E.N.A.

In Conquered Paris the Velvet Glove is Off

Refugees' street depôts, above, have become tragically frequent in occupied France. Notes pinned to the board ask for information concerning missing relatives and friends.

Women and children make a primitive camp by the roadside on their trek back to conquered Paris after their hasty flight in the early days of invasion.

Photos, E.N.A.



The famous Paris church of Sacre Coeur, which dominates the city from Montmartre, attracts Nazi soldiers as an object of special interest. They are seen on the steps. The Germans have been pouring their supplies into the French capital, and supply columns are seen, right, entering the deserted Paris streets.

What Has Fate In Store For Portugal?

Far from easy is the situation of Portugal, now the only remaining really neutral country in Western Europe. Here we have something to say of the past and present state of Britain's oldest ally and hint at the possibilities of tomorrow.

FOR more than five and a half centuries, since 1386 when our Edward III concluded the Treaty of Windsor with King John, England and Portugal have been allies, and it was in honour of this, the oldest alliance in history, that the Duke of Kent was the nation's guest at the celebrations in Lisbon last summer of the eighth centenary of Portugal's independence and the fourth centenary of her last liberation from Spanish rule. Her *last* liberation: ere long she may be once again brought under the dominion of Spain.

For Portugal is small and weak, and 1940 is proving a bad year for small and weak countries. "Portugal is such a little country," wrote Ralph Fox, the young English writer who gave his life on the battlefield, fighting for the Spanish Republic. "Its spare, swarthy peasants, in their black homespuns, with the black tasselled caps like woollen nightcaps, have to work so hard on the brown, burned-up earth, to pay so much for the little water to irrigate their parched fields, and the fields themselves are so tiny, hardly bigger than a middle-class Englishman's suburban garden. They work, with a little bread, a little fruit and wine, sometimes a little meat, to produce port wine and cork for exports. And the fishermen fight the Atlantic storms to get you sardines. That's all this little country gives the world—port, cork and sardines."

Long ago, when Europe was discovering the Indies and the Americas, Portugal was a Great Power and Lisbon, the capital, was perhaps the world's richest and most thriving port. But history showed that Portugal was too tiny and the Portuguese too few to discover new worlds, to colonize them, and to conduct their trade. Moreover, the great mass of the people were ever ignorant and miserable, the dupes of the Inquisition, the slaves of the Jesuits, the prey of their royalties and rulers. The monarchy, restored in 1640 after a forced union with Spain which had endured for sixty years, lasted until 1910 when the young Manoel, who had succeeded his father, Carlos I, brutally murdered two years before, was sent into exile—to spend the years until his death at Twickenham in 1932 for the most part in England, in extremely comfortable and pleasant circumstances.

When Manoel left, Portugal became a republic, and in little over twenty years witnessed twenty-four revolutions and coups d'etat of one kind and another. The attempt to construct something that might be called a democracy was an utter failure. "Electors meet in vain where want makes them the slaves of the landlord or where superstition makes them the slaves of the priest," wrote Macaulay, and the great Whig would have found in modern Portugal abundant proof of the truth of his dictum. The last vestiges of a parliamentary regime were swept away in 1926 by a group of army officers, headed by Generals Carmona and da Costa, who at least showed some acumen in appointing to the post of Finance Minister a professor at the University of Coimbra, one Dr. Antonio d'Oliveira Salazar. The don resigned after five days in office, but in 1928 Carmona, now ruling alone, appointed him again to the same post, and since 1932 Salazar has been premier and virtual dictator.

Dr. Salazar, the Premier and virtual dictator of Portugal, is here seen in the plain clothes he prefers to any uniform, making an inspection of an underground ammunition store.

While Europe has been in a state of turmoil the people of Portugal under a benevolent dictatorship have changed their mode of life very little. Here is the scene in the market-place of a small Portuguese town where the women make their purchases, sure at least that the other dictators will not rain death upon them from the skies.

Photos, Leicester Cotton and Planet News

With its long coast line Portugal has produced a hardy race of fishermen who besides fish for home consumption are responsible for one of their country's most important exports—sardines. The others are port and cork.

Salazar in himself is a very pleasant change from the common run of present-day dictators, and in his appointment and his subsequent career there has been displayed many a deviation from what has come to be accepted as the dictatorial norm. As a man he is intensely retiring though hardly modest in his estimate of his own importance; hardly a Portuguese would recognize him if he met him in the streets. He hardly ever appears in public and never wears a uniform; he does not rant over the wireless or review goosestepping troops, or make spectacular appearances at great party demonstrations; his photograph is seldom seen in the shop windows, although a press photograph, such as the one above, is occasionally permitted. If he has enemies, he knows how to get rid of them without employing such clumsy weapons as the bullet and the axe.

An Occupation Might Be Hitler's Achilles Heel

Lisbon's imposingly picturesque harbour and water-front along the River Tagus. At this dock the boats unload their cargoes of fish to the waiting fishwives some of whom are seen standing on the quayside. In contrast to the troubled Europe of today, this scene has a refreshingly peaceful appearance.

Portuguese troops are seen marching along a street of Oporto on their way to camp. Oporto, one of Europe's chief ports along the Western seaboard, preserves its commercial peacetime pursuits. The city is the centre of the port wine trade.

Photos, Branson de Cou, and Leicester Cotton

A new development in dictators, his dictatorship is not inspired by any revolutionary enthusiasm, any burning zeal to right the wrongs of the world by wiping out men and institutions and frontiers with ruthless gusto. The Nazi and the Fascist are like the Communist in believing that the success of their "movement" would liberate their peoples from the stranglehold of an outworn political system, from the chains of what they describe as "pluto-democracy" (or should it be "demo-plutocracy"?). Salazar and the men who put and maintain him where he is have no sustaining belief in the virtue of revolution; their blessed word is restoration, and they look not forward to a new order of society based on an all-powerful State, operating through a single party, but back to the "good old days" in which family and wealth and inherited influence are the things that "pull."

Salazar has no party of his own; his movement strives to be genuinely national and his first success was in the complete suppression of the parties and factions which made Portuguese politics a foul disgrace. True, there is a Salazar militia for boys between eight and twelve, a Salazar youth movement; true, Portugal is a police state, one in which spies are everywhere and the policemen are ever on the search for anything which to their not over-bright intelligence may appear subversive. But at least the uglier aspects of the dictatorships of Hitler and Mussolini are absent from that wielded by the one-time professor who is that well-nigh unique character, a dictator who shuns the limelight.

And some very solid achievements lie to his credit. He has balanced the budget and brought order into the national finances, although there are critics who whisper that the balancing has been achieved by omitting to include some inconvenient items, while the comparison between now and a few years ago is somewhat affected by taking the escudo at different par of exchange. But Salazar has succeeded in doing what none of his predecessors of the republican era managed to do; he has remained in office for twelve years and may well remain there for many years to come.

But in that he will not have the determining word; maybe that will be Franco's or Hitler's. Portugal today is the last independent neutral country in Western Europe, and how long she can continue such is problematic. Both Germany and Italy would like to have the line of her coast and the Azores for submarine and fleet bases whence they might threaten Britain's route to the Cape and South America and turn the flank of Gibraltar. Amongst the Falangists—the predominant party in Franco's Spain—there are many who are of the opinion that the whole of the Iberian peninsula should be under one flag, and that Spain's.

If the Axis Powers have not yet seized the whole of the Atlantic seaboard it is because Portugal is more valuable to them, at present, as a door through which may come supplies from America, than she would be as a base of attack against Britain. But some day, any day, they may decide otherwise, and then Portugal will follow so many other little countries of Europe in the Axis prison. As likely as not, there would be no military resistance, for Portugal's army has a peacetime strength of only 30,000 men.

And then? Then history might well repeat itself. When Napoleon lorded it over Europe, it was to Portugal that Wellington's Expeditionary Force was dispatched. Portugal proved to be Napoleon's heel of Achilles; it may prove to be Hitler's too.

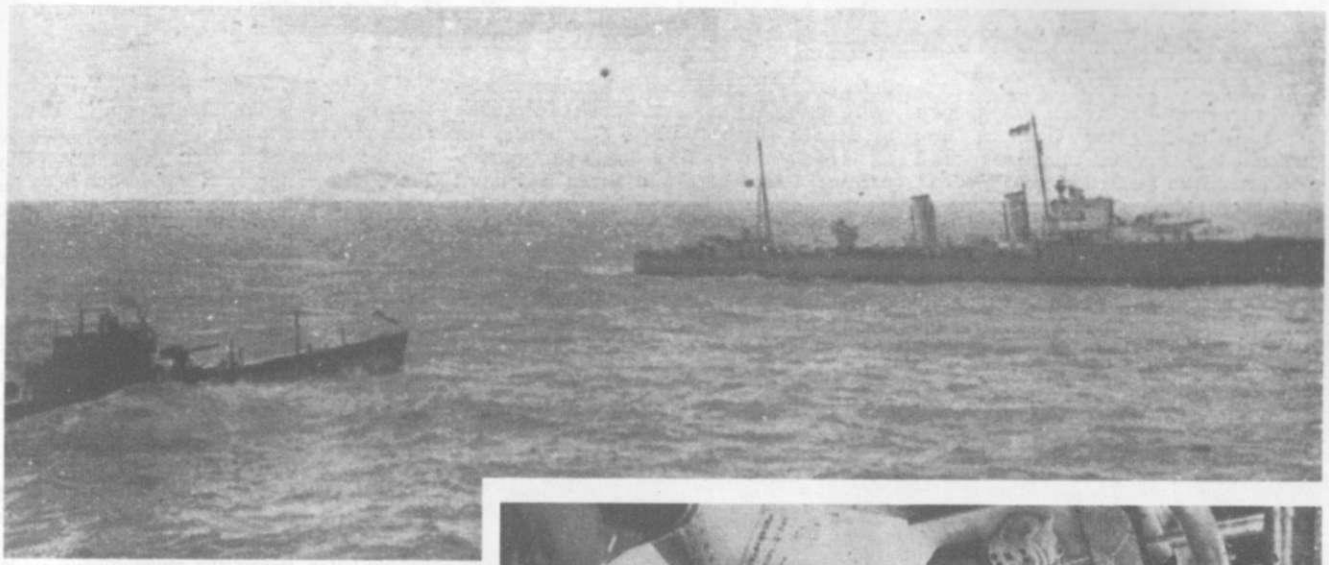
Here Are Prisoners of War of Three Nations

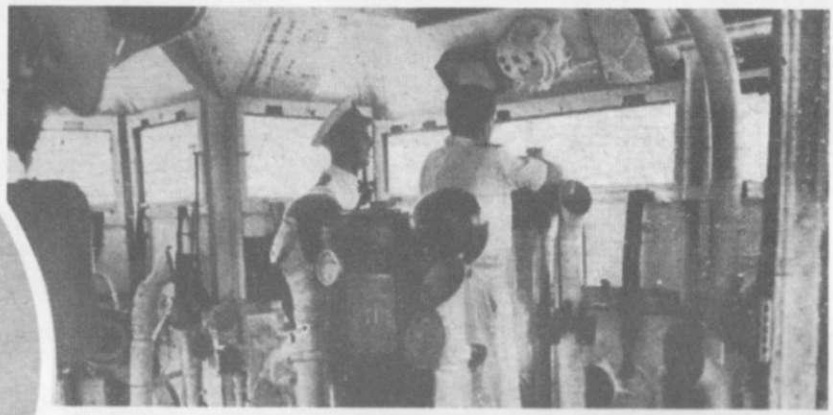
This photograph of British officers who are prisoners in Germany was received through Lisbon. The camp is known as Oflag IX A. Two of the officers have been recognized. Bottom line, fourth from left: Lt. A. H. Bishop, R.A.O.C. Top, sixth from left: Capt. P. Scott-Martin, M.C., Royal West Kent Regt. Others will no doubt be recognized by friends and relations.

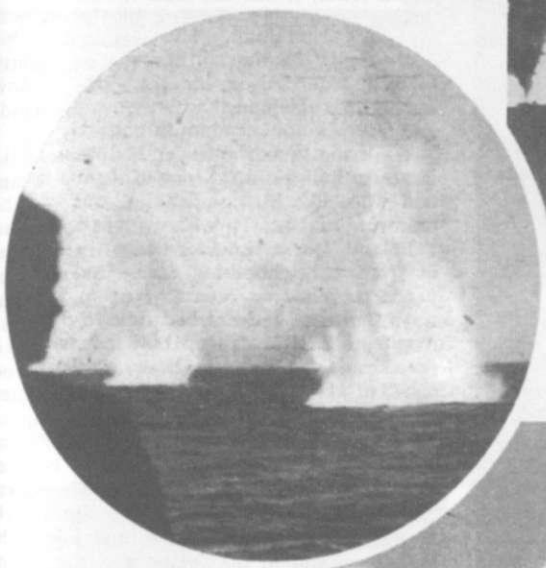
Left, German airmen taken prisoners in England at the end of September are entraining on their way to an internment camp. Nazi prisoners in Canada (above) do voluntary work for which they are paid 20 cents a day. The chance to earn is eagerly taken.
Photos, Br. Official: Crown Copyright; Topical, Fox & Associated Press

A good haul of Italian prisoners has been made by the British during the operations in Libya. Above is the scene in a prisoners' camp. Naturally swarthy, the Italian soldiers baked by the desert sun have all the appearance of "men of colour."

British Fleet Sweeps the Mediterranean All Clear







During a patrol in the Mediterranean, a British destroyer attacked an Italian submarine with depth charges. Gunfire having destroyed the conning tower, the enemy ship surrendered. Top left, the submarine draws alongside the destroyer. Above is seen the captain's bridge on board a battleship while at sea.

On July 9 British naval forces in the Mediterranean made contact with Italian battleships, cruisers and destroyers. An enemy battleship was hit, but the enemy retired behind a smoke-screen and sought the safety of shore defences. Two shells are seen exploding (circle).

Photos, Associated Press; British Official Crown Copyright

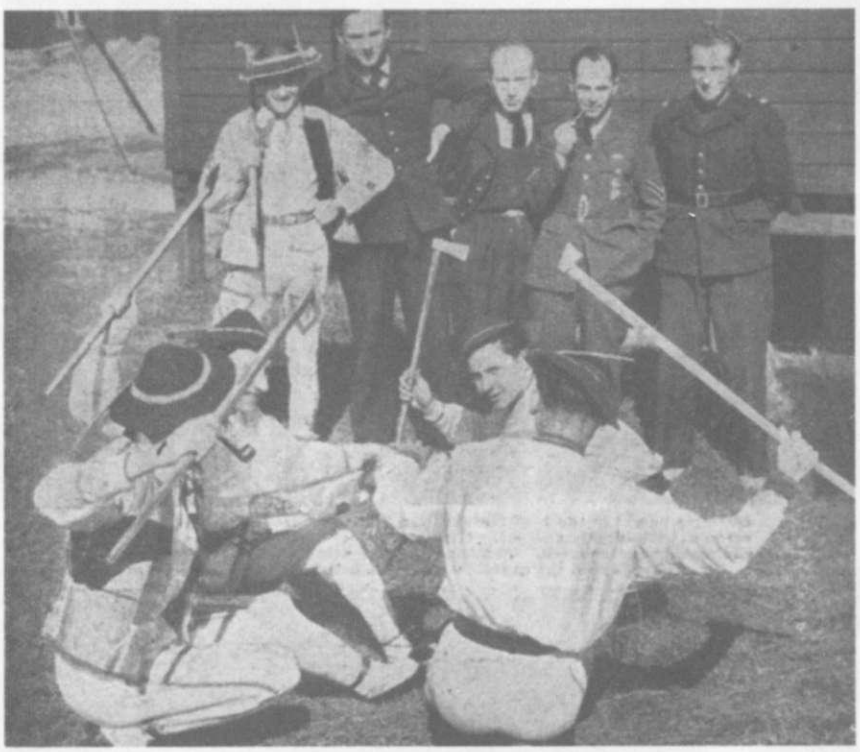
These sailors have reached their home port. A sing-song accompanied by a piano accordion testifies to the high spirits of this battleship crew. White cap covers, white jumpers and shorts, instead of the heavy serge trousers of the ordinary uniform, are now warn in hot weather, adding greatly to the comfort of the ships' companies.

Photo, Central Press

Polish Airmen Are Fighting in Britain's War

Recently, Polish airmen fighting in the R.A.F. on R.A.F. machines, in British skies, against the common enemy, have achieved many successes. Here Mr. Henry Baerlein, who has visited, on behalf of "The War Illustrated," the headquarters of a Polish bomber squadron, tells something of their work and spirit.

We have lately been told in official communiques that in mass attacks upon this country the Germans have encountered Polish fighter squadrons which have operated with marked success; indeed, the magnificent dash and determination of this allied force has made people think that their psychology would be less adapted to bombers. That this is not so I have learned in the course of a recent visit to a bomber aerodrome, part of which is allocated to the Poles. Not only do they speak enthusiastically of the British machines they fly—



The gallant Polish airmen with the R.A.F., now in temporary exile, find the customs of their homeland particularly dear to them. Here some of them are rehearsing for an entertainment of Polish music and dancing in aid of their funds. They make costumes with white linen on which they paint characteristic designs. *Photo, Fox*

"we are," one of the pilots said to me, "terribly satisfied with them"—but the British authorities are just as appreciative of the work of these airmen.

Most of the Polish airmen who arrived in Britain were very experienced pilots, some in civilian and others in military flying, so that it was not long before they had accustomed themselves to our methods and machines. These, they say, are much easier to handle than the types which they flew in France. The fact also that our bombers are heavily armoured, so that they can reach their targets in spite of opposition, has greatly impressed them. Their one regret is that these machines cannot carry three times as many bombs. And, talking of bombs, a Polish squadron-leader told me of his astonishment when he saw how even in wartime our practice-bombs are so well made. "As beautifully formed," he said, "as jewels, and I realized how good must be the bombs we are given to drop."

It was in the middle of September that the Poles began to participate in bombing expeditions, so that it was rather foolish of Goebbels to declare on the wireless that during the night of September 2-3 a Polish pilot accompanying a British raid to Berlin had flown on to Warsaw and given himself up. The Poles are anxious to reply to such a calumny when they receive the order to bomb Berlin.

The squadron-leader was likewise astonished and delighted that a young airman in this country has to pass through exactly the same curriculum now as in peacetime. That this is not so in the German air force is obviously, he said, one of the reasons for their heavy losses. And how many of them have enough experience to attempt the feat of dive-bombing by night?

Not all the members of this bomber squadron can speak English as well as that officer, but he told me that this matters surprisingly little, and especially is it so among the rank and file. For the first two weeks they talk to each other, somehow or other, about their 'planes, and then they feel quite capable of enlarging the conversation to include their girls. These Poles are perfectly at home in Britain, though in the winter they will think regretfully of the fortnight's skiing which was part of their ordinary service at home. They have not the smallest complaint to make of the food, and the squadron-leader became almost lyrical in alluding to the cook at another base who serves up a joint of beef partly well done, partly underdone, partly lean, partly fat, so that everyone is satisfied.

"As to our work," he said, "I believe that we are giving satisfaction." This, I afterwards ascertained, is an understatement, for the Poles have been doing splendidly. For instance, the squadron-leader had just received a letter from a young compatriot of his temporarily in hospital, whom he had known very well in Poland. There he shot down four Germans himself and, with another pilot, two more. Here, after a week's training, he went up, brought down one and was himself brought down and, as this happened at a height of less than 600 feet and he could discover no flat landing-place, his machine crashed, but the damage to himself was not serious. Going up on the next day, he shot down four Messerschmitts and a Heinkel, after which his machine caught fire and he was obliged to bale out, a proceeding rendered difficult—in fact, he said in his letter, it was the most difficult undertaking of his life—because his 'plane was in a diving position. This resulted in his being struck by the tail and he was pretty severely wounded in the leg. He is now hoping that this and the burns on his hands and face will not keep him in hospital.

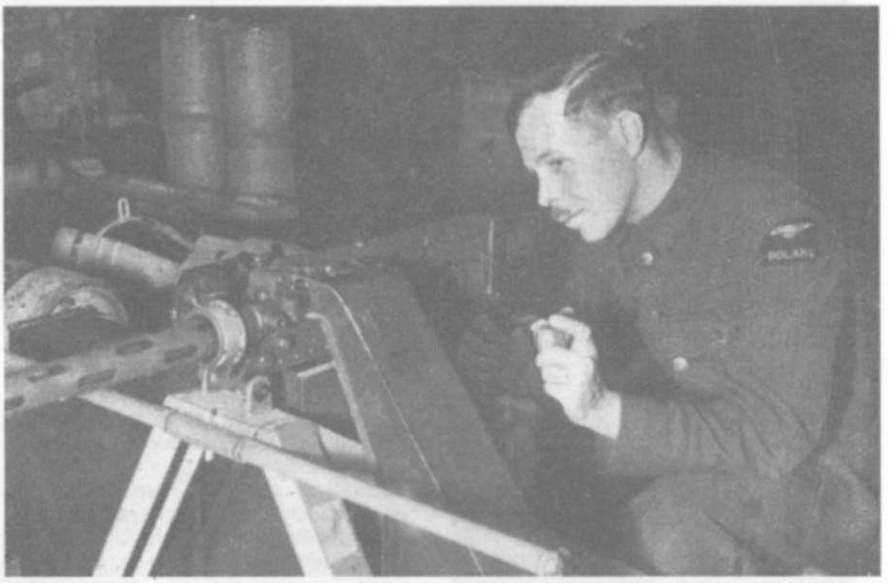
While the squadron-leader had been talking three Polish officers (one of them a chaplain who, like his companions, was in the uniform of the R.A.F. with the word "Poland" as a shoulder badge) had come in from a neighbouring base. As it happened they had all been so busy in various ways that they had not had time to pick up much of our language, but the two air forces, said the squadron-leader, understood each other perfectly. He then translated for my benefit an incident which had occurred in the other squadron. A gunner was helping to take the flares out of a bomber on its return early one morning. The fourth one which he handled started to burn. He feared that it would explode and injure the two men still in the 'plane and the 'plane itself. So he grasped it in his arms, ran across a field and was gravely wounded when the explosion took place. The first question he put on recovering consciousness in hospital was with regard to the condition of the aircraft and his two comrades. The C.O. who told us of this affair remarked with a smile that "I would not have got it out of the man himself." The Polish airmen, like ours, he said, considered that the most harassing part of the day's work was the description of their exploits to the intelligence officers on their return. All they want to do then is to rest and go up again.

On October 1 the Polish Minister of Information, Prof. Stronski, contrasting the defences of Warsaw and London, declared the Polish fighting pilots were very happy to share in the Battle of London. The Polish Squadron 303 had shot down during September 1940 over 100 Nazi aircraft, and by their successes then were repaying the German Air Force for the tragic fate of Warsaw in September 1939. The squadron-leader of this No. 303 was wounded in a fierce battle over London and was decorated with the Virtuti Militari Cross on August 8 by General Sikorski.

They Are Ready in Thousands to Avenge Warsaw

The King shaking hands with a Polish airman when he visited one of the Fighter Command Stations to which a Polish squadron is attached.

Left, a Polish Sergeant-Pilot makes his report to the Intelligence Officer of the R.A.F. Fighter Station after earning the right to do a victory roll. Above, a Polish airman listens to a lecture with an English dictionary to help with the difficult words.



Polish airmen have come to Britain in thousands eager to avenge the ruthless destruction the Nazis caused in Warsaw. They are now completing their training in the N.W. of England. Left, a Polish airman carries a bomb of which he hopes later to make good use. Right, another airman practises with the type of machine-gun with which his 'plane will be fitted.

Photos, Keystone, Central Press, Topical and Chas. E. Brown

London Carries On in the People's War

October opened with new variations of the air war on London and the country generally, but incidents were fewer and attacks on a smaller scale, though more prolonged. No large-scale victories could be recorded for the R.A.F., but in no way had Goering advanced towards his objective.

THE selection of Air-Marshal Sir Charles Portal to succeed Sir Cyril Newall as Air Chief Marshal (on the retirement of Sir Cyril to become Governor-General of New Zealand) may be taken as a significant portent of Britain's intention to intensify the air offensive against Germany. For since March last Sir Charles Portal as C.-in-C. of the Bomber Command had directed the work of our bombers in blocking the enemy's transport, slowing down his munition production and checking his plans for the invasion of Britain. The Bomber Command was taken over by Sir Richard Peirse, Vice-Chief of the Air Staff.

Bad weather—it was even bad enough to prevent the R.A.F. on two nights from making their customary raids on German objectives—may have accounted for the slackening of the enemy air attacks on Britain in the early days of October. But it is possible that the slowing down of Germany's assault may have been due to a realization that the blitzkrieg had failed, and to the withdrawal of aircraft for use in quite another theatre of war. Nor must there be left out of account the heavy losses suffered by the Luftwaffe since the war began. Air Ministry figures to the end of September show that in combat between British and German air forces 3,644 German aircraft were destroyed against 1,417 British lost—316 of our pilots were saved. As to the total German aircraft losses in all theatres of war, the Air Correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" worked out a figure of 6,500, more than half being bombers. This would mean that the Nazis had lost about 13,500 air personnel.

In daylight raids on the first day of October only a few enemy aircraft got through to London. Attacks in the South of England proved unsuccessful and the Nazi machines were repulsed near the coast. Five raiders were destroyed, three of our fighters being lost. Six "alerts" in all were given during the day and night. Soon after the first evening alarm was sounded the "Raiders Passed" was given, but after an hour's lull there was another warning. Generally the Nazis came over singly, making swift runs to the central area and then scurrying off as soon as bombs had been dropped. The North and North-western suburbs were attacked, and bombs fell also in East London. Many fire bombs fell, but were smothered and put out with little difficulty. Our A.A. gunners shot down one raider before it had time to drop its load; bomber and bombs exploded together.

There was a seven-hour daylight raid on Wednesday, October 2, and London had no fewer than six "alerts." In small lots of forty to eighty the Nazi machines crossed the Kent coast, but only odd machines got near London. Attacks were also made on South-western England, South Wales, and Essex. Swift retribution overtook a Dornier 17 which machine-gunned the streets of an Essex town—a trick which the Nazis have too often played of late. A few minutes afterwards it was shot down by a Hurricane.

At night the enemy aircraft came over in waves from two different directions, skirted the suburbs, and then turned in towards the Metropolis. As usual, they did some damage, but were prevented in their major object by our barrage. As Mr. Ernest Brown, Secretary for Scotland, well said in a speech made at this time, London was scarred by the nightly attacks but was undaunted. Hitler had failed to disrupt the life of the City.

Nine London districts were bombed by daylight on Thursday, but though there were many attacks few aircraft were engaged and it was generally lone raiders who flew over and dropped bombs at random. There were

GERMAN & BRITISH AIRCRAFT LOSSES

German to April 30, 1940

Total announced and estimated—West Front, North Sea, Britain, Scandinavia 350

	German	British
May	1,990	258
June	276	177
July	245	115
Aug.	1,110	310
Sept. 1-30	1,114	311
Oct. 1-7	72	30
Totals, May to Oct. 7	4,807	1,201

Daily Results

	German Losses	British Losses	British Pilots Saved		German Losses	British Losses	British Pilots Saved
Oct.				4	3	1	—
1	5	3	—	5	23	9	7
2	10	1	—	6	2	—	—
3	2	—	—	7	27	16	10
				Totals	72	30	17

None of the figures include aircraft bombed on the ground or so damaged as to be unlikely to reach home.

Civilian Casualties. Intensive air attacks on Britain began on Aug. 8. Casualties during August 1,075 killed, 1,261 seriously injured.

Mr. Churchill stated on Oct. 8 that up to Oct. 5 8,500 people had been killed and 13,000 seriously injured in air raids. Casualty figures had decreased steadily week by week since heavy raiding began on Sept. 7; from over 6,000 in the first week to just under 5,000 in the second, to about 4,000 in the third, and to under 3,000 in the last of the four weeks.

Mass Raid Casualties in London. Sept. 7: 306 killed; 1,337 injured. Sept. 8: 286 killed; about 1,400 injured. Sept. 9: about 400 killed, 1,400 injured.

German Aircraft Destroyed in Britain. From September 3, 1939 to Oct. 8, 1940, the German machines destroyed around and over Britain totalled 2,601. In that time 607 British aircraft were lost, 338 pilots being saved.

German Pilots Lost. Lord Croft, Under Secretary for War, stated recently that more German airmen alone had been slain or captured in the previous twelve weeks [i.e. July to September] than all the civilians they had murdered in Britain. Less British blood had been shed as the result of air attacks in 12 months than we frequently lost in a single hour in the Great War of 1914-18.

All that remained of an A.R.P. lorry which was blown out of the street into this back garden when a bomb fell in a South-Western London street during a recent night raid. *Photo, "Daily Mirror"*

This clock on the mantelpiece of a London house which was bombed has been chiming regularly. A member of the A.R.P. is seen removing the time-piece from its lonely perch. *Photo, Fox*

They Go to Deep Shelters with High Hearts

On a short branch line of one of London's tubes trains have been stopped and the current cut off, and there between the rails many Londoners spend a safe night. The tunnel, about half a mile in length, is lit throughout by electric light.

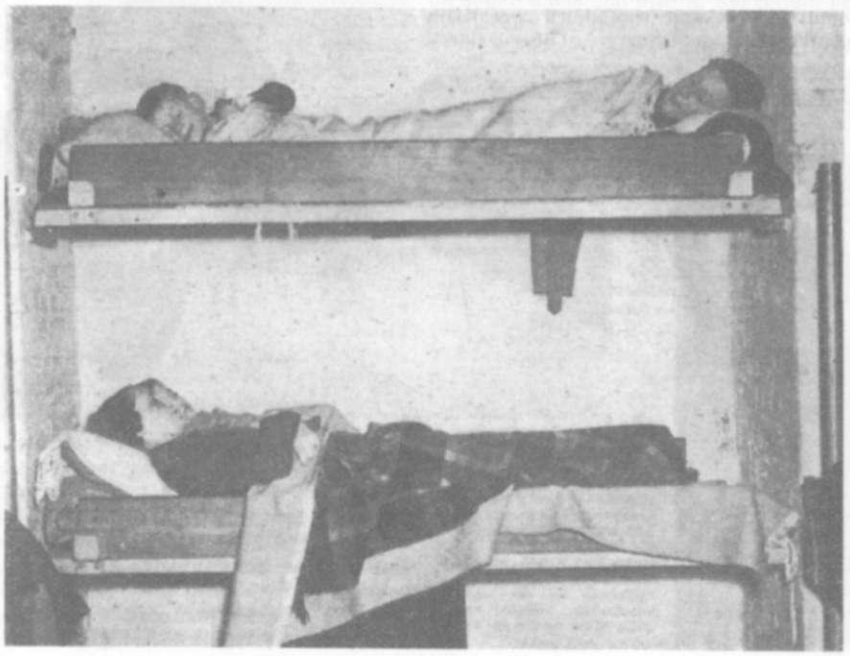
Photo, Planet News

One of the first acts of Mr. Herbert Morrison after becoming Home Secretary and Minister of Home Defence was to visit air raid shelters and see the conditions for himself. Below, he is talking to mothers and children in a shelter in South-East London.

Photo, "News Chronicle"

The people of North-East England who suffered severely from air raids before London was touched have never quailed. The words in the photograph, left, were chalked in front of a house wrecked by a bomb.

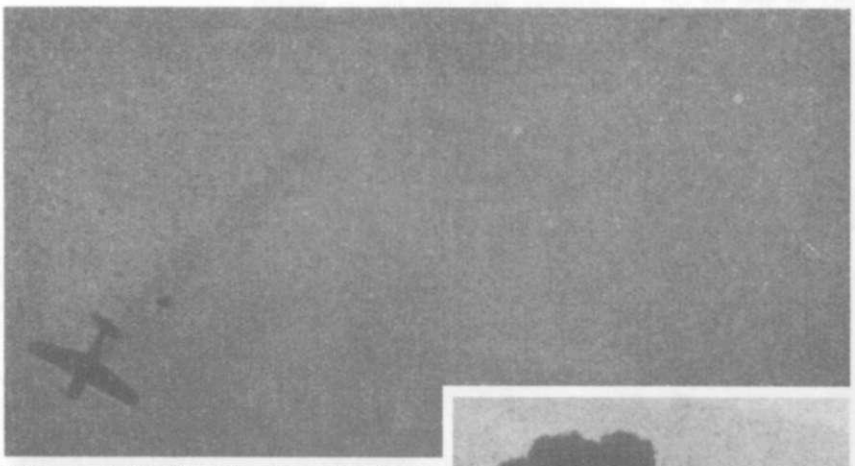
Photo, Keystone



Part of the crypt of London's famous church, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, is reserved as an air raid shelter for women and children only, left. Above, a sand cave used as a deep shelter by people of a Kentish village.

Photos, Keystone and Planet News

Guns Roar Glorious Defiance to Nazi Bombers



A Messerschmitt 109 fighter, above, escorting a bomber was brought down near Maidstone. The pilot baled out watched by crowds of hop-pickers, who later had the satisfaction of seeing it as it is on right. *Photos, Fox*

low clouds over London and people below could see nothing of what was happening in the air. Gunfire was heard, and the noise of aircraft engines, but life went on much as usual in the busy City and Central area. Two warnings were given during the night. Our fierce barrage prevented much mischief. Such raiders as got through did so by shutting off the engines and making a long and silent glide over their objective.

Low cloud on Friday enabled raiders to sneak in over London and drop bombs here and there during an " alert " lasting some hours. Apart from Central London, bombs fell also in Northern and Eastern districts and in suburbs on the South-west. A Hurricane pilot flew out of the clouds and found a Junkers 88 on mischief bent; the enemy was shot down. This sort of cloud hunting was common. A German communiqué gave the number of their losses as five machines, two more than claimed by the Air Ministry, who had not counted in two " probables."

All day Saturday fierce battles were fought in the air, and the enemy came over in big formations again. By 7.30 p.m. 23 raiders had been shot down. In an hour 18 Messerschmitt fighters were shot down over Kent and the Thames Estuary. Other raiders crossed the Dorset and Hampshire coasts but met with little success. Bombs fell in East and South-east London, dropped by isolated enemy machines flying very high. The barrage at night reached a new intensity and was continuous for long periods. Only at two points were bombs dropped in the London area, neither near the Central district.

A score of places in the Home Counties were bombed on Sunday, in hit-and-run raids made possible by cloudy conditions.

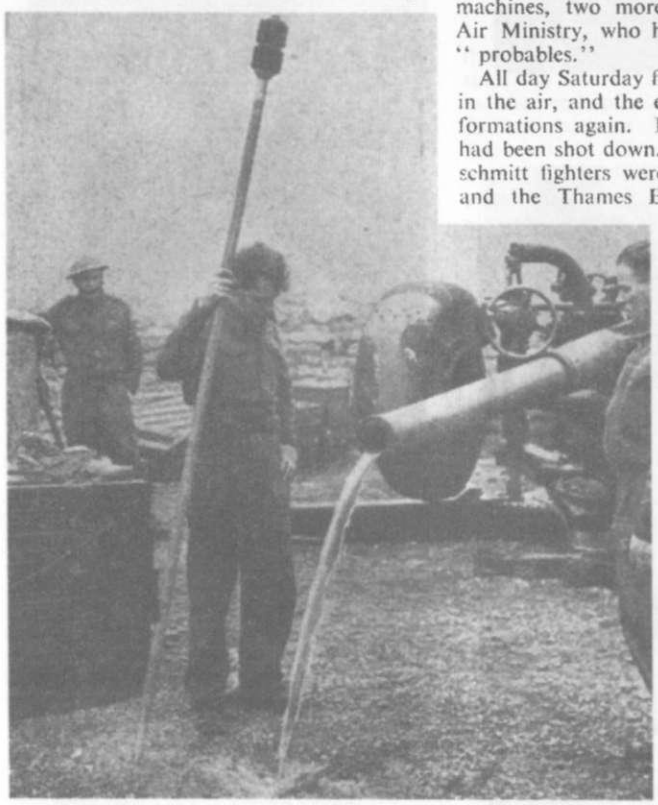
At night, after a brief " alert " early in the evening, probably when an enemy reconnaissance machine came over, there was an " all clear " until morning. Nevertheless the Nazis claimed that " London and numerous other targets in the South of England were again successfully attacked in spite of very difficult weather conditions. . . . In London a big gasworks exploded " ! A very clear proof how the Berlin communiqués are concocted.

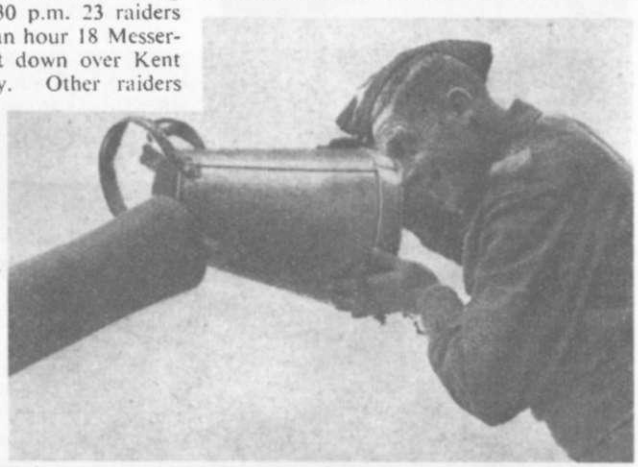
At daylight on Monday there began big attacks on London and the South-east, the raiders coming up the Thames Estuary and over the coast of Kent as usual. Nearly 500 Nazi machines were involved, and there were five separate attempts on London. Only in two cases did enemy aircraft penetrate the London defences, and even then very few bombs were dropped. A number of incendiary bombs fell in the Central area during the night, but the trouble was soon localized and the fires quickly extinguished. Attacks in the week were many and sometimes on a large scale, tactics were completely changed yet the military results were negligible.

Mr. Churchill on the Bombing of London

Notes from his Speech of October 8

TO what extent has the full strength of the German Air Force been deployed? Short-range dive bombers have been kept carefully out of the air fight since their very severe mauling on Aug. 15. It would seem, taking day and night together, nearly 400 of the German long-range heavy bombers have, on the average, visited our shores every 24 hours. We are doubtful whether this rate of sustained attack can be greatly exceeded. We believe that the German heavy bomber pilots are being worked at least as hard as, and it may be a great deal harder than, our own. The bulk of them do not seem capable of anything beyond blind bombing. On the whole, however, we may . . . reach the provisional conclusion that the German average effort against this country absorbs a very considerable part of their forces and strength. We feel more confident now than we have ever been before . . . It would take 10 years at the present rate for half the houses of London to be demolished . . . On every side is the cry " We can take it."





The guns of the London barrage whose roar the capital likes to hear when the 'planes are overhead badly need a cleaning next day. Left, hot water being poured through a barrel to open the pores of the metal and facilitate the removal of dirt and corrosion. Right, the man who pours in the hot water.

London's Defences Are Beating The Night Bomber

Soon after the intensified murder raids on London began the increased fury of the A.A. gun barrage gave much satisfaction to the millions compelled to endure the indiscriminate Nazi bombings. Other defence methods were also operative, and here an acknowledged authority discusses the problems of night defence and forecasts increasing success in grappling with them.

One feature of the air war which showed a steadily increasing importance from the beginning until the time of the intensified aerial attacks on Great Britain of August and September was night bombing. And in countering it the greatest ingenuity was exercised.

Night bombing was begun by the Royal Air Force, which had carefully prepared for it and trained for it. The German air force, in so far as official statements from Berlin revealed its beliefs, held that military effect, which is the only kind of effect worth thinking about in war, could be secured only by day bombing.

Actually the Royal Air Force had evolved a method of night bombing which enabled it to hit at military targets by night with as great certainty as by day, the only difference being that the targets had to be chosen in relation to their position and also in relation to the weather.

Nights do occur occasionally when the illumination is so good that targets can be recognized almost as readily as by day. But on most nights the targets chosen must be of the "self-illuminated" variety if they are to be found without the use of parachute flares or the starting of fires at near-by points.

A good example of a self-illuminated target is a blast furnace. Another was the seaplane base at Sylt, which was one of the first land objectives attacked by the Royal Air Force during the war. Water can be distinguished from land on most nights, and when the shape of the shore or coastline is distinctive a target can be recognized by the conformations with as great accuracy as by day.

Any Target Was Permissible

The German air force had made many night raids before the main attacks on London began in August and September; but they had been directed at military objectives, and as those objectives are extremely well camouflaged and as England is a country over which it is exceedingly difficult to find the way even by day, the German pilots in most cases missed their objectives altogether and dropped their bombs more often than not in open country. These small raids were the subject of many official communiqués and in all cases the damage was slight or even altogether non-existent.

But when the order was given to attack London both by night and by day the method selected was very different. It seems, from the results, that any big building which could be seen by the German night pilots was to be regarded as a permissible target, and that, supposing the buildings could not be distinguished at all owing to the darkness, any cluster of houses was to be regarded as a permissible target.

Thus the East End of London received a great many heavy attacks and vast numbers of dwelling houses there were destroyed. In addition, many big buildings in the West End were hit and much damage done to them. But there was no evidence that anything approaching a military target was selected by any pilot. Sometimes it did seem that power stations and railway stations were being selected, but then a large series of raids would intervene in which no bomb dropped near such objectives.

The fact that this random or semi-random method of bombing was adopted by the Germans made the problems of defence more difficult. For it is clear that an airman is bound to find some part of London if he sets out for it even on the darkest night. To try to prevent enemy aircraft getting to any part of London or other large cities, while at the same time maintaining adequate protection for the real military targets such as munitions works, was the essence of the defence problem.

London's Magnificent New Barrage

The solution, in so far as it had been arrived at by the beginning of October, was to obtain a high degree of coordination between the anti-aircraft guns, the balloon barrage and the night-flying fighters. The searchlights, which were used extensively at first, were used in a much reduced degree later for reasons which will appear.

The first point which had to be taken into account was that interception by night was a matter of extreme difficulty and could only be achieved on nights of good visibility and with a certain amount of luck. The night-flying fighter, in fact, had very severe limitations. It was imperative, therefore, to build up the defence by gun and balloon barrage for night work.

The guns made the first step. One night Londoners heard the night raiders met with a tremendous barrage of fire, more intense and more continuous than anything they had heard before. It was the outcome of the working of the first part of the new scheme.

Instead of waiting for "seen targets" only, the gunners had been instructed to fire on sound alone and also to use certain new instruments and new methods.

These included a new system of prediction. The ordinary predictor, used with the anti-aircraft guns, is a calculating machine which quickly produces results from certain figures which are fed into it by the gun crews, the resultant figures giving the gun position officer the information for sighting and fusing that he wants.

Now it is evident that the accuracy of the predictor's results is of two orders; first, it makes the calculations correctly without exception and, therefore, in one part achieves 100 per cent accuracy; second, the usefulness of its results in the actual firing depends upon the accuracy of the figures which are fed into it.

That is where the difficulty still lies. The height of the approaching aircraft must be correctly estimated, its speed and its course. Moreover, the predictor can only work on the assumption that that speed, course and height will remain the same or will be subject to alterations which are pure guesswork on the part of the gun crew. No gun crew and certainly no predictor can tell what an enemy pilot will do with his machine during the appreciable number of seconds a shell is in the air travelling towards its target.

When the new barrage system was instituted for the defence of London by night, the limitations of the predictor were taken into account and a wider system of prediction, based on certain probabilities, was adopted. In addition, the firing of the guns was grouped according to a specific pattern so as to increase still further the probabilities of a hit.

The entire system is one of probabilities. As such it was shown at once to be a great success. The searchlights were not used so extensively, so that the enemy night pilots no longer profited by their reflected light, but the sound locators came into more extensive play and enabled a barrage to be put up which did very effectively hamper the movements of enemy machines.

It did not bring them down in large numbers. Indeed, this was not expected. It is known that a fairly large number of anti-aircraft rounds must be fired—the number has been estimated at between 5,000 and 6,000—in order to shoot down a single enemy machine, but the barrage effectively held off the enemy.

Concurrently with the adoption of the new prediction system for the guns, there went an improvement in the effectiveness of the balloon barrage. This consisted in introducing new balloons and cables which could be flown higher, yet with the same lethal effect on any enemy machine which chanced to strike a cable.

Higher Balloons And Other Methods

Barrage balloon height is determined by cable weight. Cable weight is partly determined by lethal effect. It is of no use to fly a balloon very high if, in order to do so, the cable must be so light that it can easily be cut by a fast-flying aeroplane. Research into the properties of cables had been going on since the beginning of the war, and the result was the possibility of flying the balloons higher with the same protective effect.

An enemy machine was brought down by a high-flying balloon early in the series of night raids on London, and in general the balloon barrage may be said to have added its effect to that of the guns in limiting the area in which the enemy machines could work with any chance of getting away safely.

Guns and balloons were not the only methods being tried during the period of night raids in August, September and October in order to counter the night raiders. Enormous numbers of devices were constantly under review by scientific workers and technical experts. Some of these were confidently expected to show successful results when the preliminary work on them had been completed.

No more difficult type of attack to counter exists than the night-flying bomber which is seeking, not specific military targets, but any cluster of buildings it can find. But to every form of attack there is an appropriate defence, and it was recognized throughout the Royal Air Force that this form was no exception.

The Man and Woman in the Street Answer the Call in Their Own Lo

These unique photographs were taken within the rema[illegible] short period of two minutes from the fall of a bomb, in a London [illegible] Already A.R.P. workers, themselves living in the district attacked, go [illegible] to work, though more bombs may fall. Above, they are dealing with a st[illegible] case, while, left, is a rescued kitten.

Women On Active Service in the Battle of Britain

Since the War has come to the homeland, active service for women's organizations attached to the fighting forces has taken on an even more military aspect. Here Miss Peggy Scott describes the work, often under fire, of A.T.S., W.R.N.S., W.A.A.F. and W.F.P.

THE Battle of Britain has brought women for the first time into the front-line everywhere.

Even when several hundred of the **Auxiliary Territorial Service**—the A.T.S.—were in France in the spring of 1940, they were confined to areas on the lines of communication. The "Soldierettes," as the French people called them, took the places of men, except in the fighting line; there, the men had to cook and drive for themselves.

As a matter of fact, being in the front line has made less difference to the A.T.S. than to women in the civil services. They did everything for the men before, except fight. The only difference now is that when the men who usually work in the cook-house and orderly room at night go to their Action Stations, women take their places. At one unit in the South where women work in the cook-house during the day and men at night, some of the A.T.S. clerical staff take the places of the men in the cook-house when they go to their action stations. Certain commanding officers have had the A.T.S. trained to work the stirrup-pumps for fire-fighting.

The Battle of Britain has also perhaps speeded up the recruiting of the A.T.S. Over 30,000 women are already at work; practically wherever there are soldiers in the British Isles, there are A.T.S. helping them; but still more are wanted—about 10,000.

One of the best aids to recruiting occurred when the A.T.S. Unit returned from France. The Director A.T.S. inspected them after church parade. The remark of a man at the crossroads, obviously an old N.C.O., when Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan was Parliamentary Candidate for South London, came to mind as D.A.T.S. went carefully down the lines: "It's something to have a soldier, even if she is in petticoats!"

The woman who was Chief Controller of Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corps, British Armies in France, from its formation in February 1917 until she was appointed in September 1918 to lead the Women's Royal Air Force, is in her element in the Army. She is a soldier's daughter.

The "Naafi," the girls who serve the beer, cigarettes, and extra foodstuffs to men of the Navy, Army, and Air Force, wear a khaki coat and skirt and soft felt hat, while on their shoulders are the distinctive colours of the Services—dark blue for the Navy, red for the Army, and light blue for the R.A.F. This photo shows some of the girls in their off-duty uniform.

Proudly she looked at the A.T.S. who had proved themselves. They seemed indeed old soldiers with B.E.F. on their tin hats and recruits who were present were tremendously impressed by their smartness.

They had the experience of old soldiers, for they had been bombed and machine-gunned as the men had been in France. They were women picked for their efficiency before they went to France.

The success of the A.T.S. cooks has made the demand for them the greater. There have been complaints about the Army cooking since war began, but never of the cooking that the women do. It should be even better now that a woman Inspector of Catering to the Auxiliary Territorial Service has been appointed. Senior Commandant M. S. Froode will visit the cook-houses where women are working and see that the best use is being made of the rations. Until recently women were getting four-fifths of the men's rations, which were found to contain too much meat and too few eggs, milk, and vegetables for women's health.

Most of the caterers in the A.T.S. have domestic science certificates, but some ordinary cooks have done so well in the cook-house that after further training they have been promoted to officer rank. There is a Messing Officer, for instance, whose husband before the war was in charge of a block of flats where she did the catering.

It has been found that women cooks work better with their own section leader. There was a sergeant-cook who thought that the women should do the same shift as men, which was from 4 a.m. to 11 p.m., whereas the women worked in two shifts. There was also a sergeant-cook who did not like having women in his cook-house because he "couldn't swear at them!" Incidentally, the women liked working for this man.

Experts in other directions than cooking have been promoted to the charge of a platoon, including teleprinters and telephonists. Pay Experts have emerged, as women who are good at figures have learned the special system used in the Army. In the Records Office also women have proved themselves worthy of promotion. Many women in the A.T.S. were trained for this office before the war, so that they have been able to help with the extraordinary work which the evacuation from Dunkirk alone

Under orders for service in Kenya, these girls of the Women's Mechanized Transport Corps are learning to handle a situation—a ditched ambulance—which may well arise in East Africa. In charge of the unit is Mrs. Keith Newall (upper photo); note the springbok on her arm.

Photos, Fox and L.N.A.

In Navy, Army & Air Force They Do Men's Jobs

The signals branch of the Royal Air Force is of immense importance, and some 1,200 of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force are engaged as teleprinter and telephone operators. Two of the girls are seen above at work. Right is a woman dispatch rider of the W.R.N.S.

Photos, Wide World and Fox

involved. Special arrangements had to be made for dealing with the large number of men who could not be traced for a time.

The new A.T.S. Selection Board, which consists of the Director and the Assistant Directors in all the Military Commands, will consider in making promotions besides good service, special qualifications, for example in domestic science, languages, driving, and business experience. When the promotion concerns drivers or caterers, both the Inspector of M.T. Companies, and of Catering, will also be present.

The F.A.N.Y.s who became A.T.S. drivers have as their Inspector and Commandant of the Training School, Miss Baxter Ellis, late Chief Commandant of F.A.N.Y. These drivers still have the privilege of wearing the name F.A.N.Y. underneath "Women's Transport Service" on the sleeve.

Among the changes in the A.T.S. organization approved by the Army Council which have already taken effect are the following:—

(1) An Auxiliary Territorial Service Council has been formed under the supervision of the Adjutant-General, and consists of the following officers:—

(a) The Director of the Auxiliary Territorial Service, president. The Director is on the staff of the Adjutant-General and will be responsible under him for the administration of the Auxiliary Territorial Service.

(b) A senior A.T.S. officer attached to the staff of the Quartermaster-General, who will deal with the clothing, feeding, and accommodation of the Auxiliary Territorial Service.

(c) A senior A.T.S. officer attached to the staff of the Director of Military Training, who will be responsible for all branches of training in the Auxiliary Territorial Service.

(d) A woman doctor attached to the staff of the Director-General of Army Medical Services, who will be responsible for the health and general welfare of the Auxiliary Territorial Service.

The Women's Royal Naval Service—W.R.N.S.—although the Senior Women's Service, has only a strength of about one-fifth of the A.T.S. This Service, which is employed at the ports, has been on Active Service more or less since the war began. Wren cooks have fed the shipwrecked mariners all the time, and seen the ships gathering for convoy in the harbour. Always the Wrens are releasing men for service at sea, and when the evacuation from Dunkirk came, that release was greatly valued.

Their friends sometimes think that they go to sea themselves, because they talk of "going aboard." Every fleet shore establishment is considered to be a ship, and the Wrens talk of the floor as the deck, and the kitchen as the galley. At first the Wrens were mostly girls whose homes were at the ports, so that nautical terms came easily to them, but recently a recruiting officer has been seeking the sea-loving girls inland, and they have more to learn. Because the W.R.N.S. is a small service, careful selection of personnel is possible, and some of them have called it the "snob-service." Discipline is stricter perhaps than in the other Services. When a W.R.N.S. Commandant saw a W.A.A.F. smoking as she walked along the front, she said: "I would not allow a Wren to do that outside, in uniform."

Active Service for the **Women's Auxiliary Air Service—the W.A.A.F.**—means much repairing of balloons by the fabric section, which is composed largely of dressmakers and tailoresses, cooking for the men at Balloon Centres and Field Kitchens, and taking the places of the men in practically everything except flying. The W.A.A.F. substitute the men in the R.A.F. in small groups as the airmen are required for other work; they do not move about in companies like the A.T.S. In each of the Services there is hush-hush work for women to do; in the Air Force these girls are called "plotters." They are all well educated, some having University degrees.

The girls who cook at a field kitchen really know what Active Service conditions mean. The kitchen is probably a shack, the boilers are outside, and the mess-room is an open pavilion, boarded up.

There are about half as many W.A.A.F. as there are A.T.S. on Active Service, but recruiting is usually open.

Splendid work is being accomplished by the **Women Ferry Pilots.** R.A.F. pilots have other things to do than to fetch and deliver aeroplanes from factories to R.A.F. stations, and the Air Transport Auxiliary was formed when war began by British Airways. Men only were invited to join the A.T.A. at first, but very soon eight women were included, and Pauline Gower was appointed First Officer of the Women Ferry Pilots.

There are 25 Women Ferry Pilots flying every day with training machines for the R.A.F., and they hope soon to ferry also repaired aircraft from maintenance units to Squadron headquarters. Added to weather difficulties, the women pilots, who are unarmed, have to keep a sharp look-out for raiders: but that is Active Service.

The women who are also serving in the front line include the **Women's Land Army, the Mechanized Transport Corps, the Nurses** and the **V.A.D.s**, and all the **A.R.P. workers,** First Aid workers, the ambulance drivers, girls of the Auxiliary Fire Service, munitions workers, clothing and equipment makers, canteen workers, and those who escort children to the Dominions.

The A.T.S. now provides 50 per cent of its own motor drivers. A school has been established in Surrey where the future drivers undergo a course of instruction. Above, learners are having a lesson in dismantling and reassembling the gear-box and drive to be ready for any emergency.

London's War Ambulances are Always Under Fire

MANY a time last winter the men and women who had volunteered for the London Auxiliary Ambulance Service must have asked themselves, as they turned up at their stations day after day or night after night: "Isn't all this rather a waste of time?"

I went out the other evening to one of those stations, in Greenwich, S.E., and spent the whole night there.

Phoney war? Waste of time? Indeed!

We were sitting, eight women and six men, in a sandbagged shelter erected in the playground of an L.C.C. school. Drawn up outside the shelter were seven ambulances, two Green Line coaches and six cars—the station's entire transport fleet.

Since the very first day of the blitz the town has sustained the savage blows of the Luftwaffe, and its A.R.P. workers have been tested as sternly as any in the land.

Before September 1940 many of them had never seen a bomb: twenty-five days and nights of intensive bombing have given them the confidence of veterans.

They have passed through the fire—literally so. I met two young men who one night drove an ambulance through a wall of flame to the scene of a bombing.

"Funny thing was," said one of them, "we never thought of the petrol. All I was worrying about was my trousers. I was afraid they would catch fire. But we got through unhurt.

"After that our only bad moment was when we picked up the casualty we'd been sent to fetch. The stretcher was so hot we could hardly hold it."

The strength of this ambulance unit is 68—43 women and 25 men. They work in 12-hour shifts, and they are paid the usual A.R.P. rates—£3 3s. 3d. for men and £2 3s. for women. The women include typists, factory workers, housewives and spinsters.

By day the unit occupies the infants' department of a school, the main school building being taken by the A.F.S. At night, as soon as the siren sounds, the men and women on duty take up their quarters in the shelter.

And there they sit and wait for the calls that come to them from the district A.R.P. control:

"*One ambulance and one car (for sitting cases) wanted immediately at* ——"

The drivers, men and women alike, go out in rotation, the car drivers alone, the ambulance drivers accompanied by an assistant—out under the splinters and the bombs, to pick up the casualties, take them to the nearest hospital and then return to the station.

If the telephone line that connects the district A.R.P. control with the ambulance shelter should break down, the messages are brought by dispatch rider.

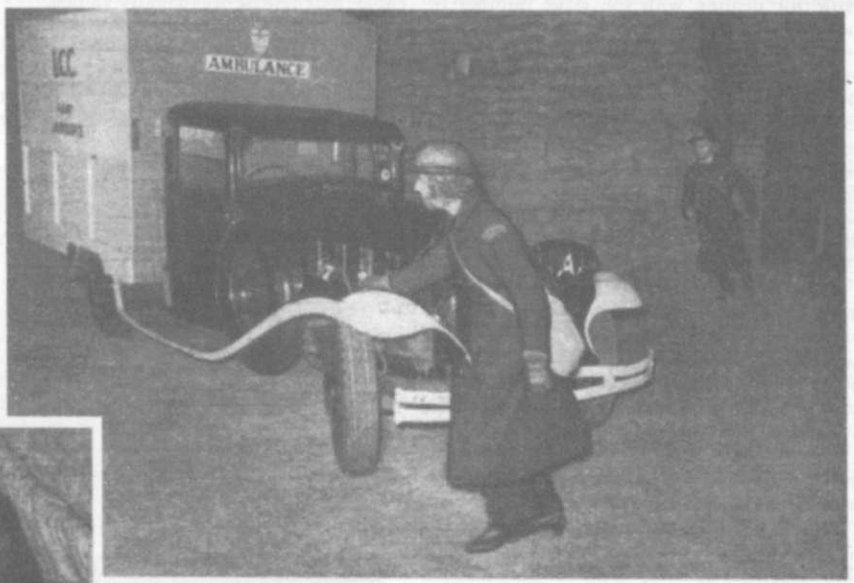
All the ambulances and the cars already bear the scars of battle—dents and holes made by falling debris or falling splinters. I fancy the unit is secretly proud of them.

As a sideline to their ambulance work, two of the women members of the unit look after an "animals' detention post."

Every morning, after the "All Clear," they go round the bombed houses and pick up the pets that have been left homeless. The post itself—located in a garage—was bombed one night, and another garage had to be requisitioned. Now the flat above the second garage has been burned out by an incendiary.

No, it's anything but a phoney war out Greenwich way.

A woman driver examines the roof of an ambulance which is pitted with shell splinters after a journey to a bombed house.



A driver (above) and a first-aid helper run to the ambulance from the shelter. Driver and members of first-aid party, left, are seen in their sandbagged shelter. After the "all-clear," below, animals are collected and are looked after until claimed.

Story by William Forrest and photos by "News Chronicle" staff photographer, Ross-White. Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.

Through London's Battle the Railways Carry On

The great London railway termini are prime military objectives—the nerve centres of the nation's transport—and in spite of air raid alarms and bombs the railways "just have to carry on." Here is a vivid description of the wartime working of "Metropolis" Station which William Forrest wrote for the "News Chronicle."

This railway van boy, wearing his tin hat, cheerfully swings himself behind the piled-up packages, apparently quite impervious to the menace of bombs.

Of the thousands of bombs rained on London since the blitz began, some, no doubt, were aimed at "Metropolis" Station. None found its mark, and not for a single moment was the work of the station brought to a stop.

When the sirens sound Metropolis Station takes note, but carries on. Nor has it any "spotters" to give the warning of imminent danger and bring its work to a temporary halt. Night and day, raid or no raid, the trains steam in and out of Metropolis Station—more trains, and longer ones, than ever before.

As the stationmaster said to me, "The railway's just *got* to carry on."

He quoted impressive figures. In every weekday during the Battle of London 98 steam trains came in and out of Metropolis Station. Ten of these were run in duplicate, so that actually the number is 108. In addition, 110 suburban trains—known as "residentials"—came in and out daily.

In the first three weeks of September the booking office at Metropolis Station took as much money in passenger fares as in the whole of a normal September. And the parcels traffic one week was equal to that of pre-Christmas week.

Fifteen coaches used to be about the maximum for main-line trains. Now you can see the giant locomotives regularly pulling 17 coaches out of Metropolis, and sometimes even one or two more. And every compartment is loaded to the limit.

The stationmaster was loud in his praise of the child evacuees. "They're grand," he said. "The other day I watched them during an alarm. When the guns began to fire they all got terribly excited, but not with fear—no, they were arguing furiously about the sort of guns that were being fired!"

"Not once," he added, "have I seen a case of panic at this station. I'm a Northerner myself, but I really must take off my hat to the Londoners."

The loud speaker broke in on our talk: "An air raid warning has just been sounded. Passengers can go to the shelters or proceed by their trains."

We walked out to the main departure platform. It was a daylight raid, but one of the more exciting ones, with the 'planes already over London and the guns firing briskly.

There were the booking offices still open—at first they used to close during raids, but now they carry on. There were the collectors punching the tickets at the barrier and forgetting that they ought to be wearing their steel helmets during a raid.

Here was the guard urging passengers to get aboard the train, where they would be safe from falling shrapnel. And at the far end of the platform I could see the tin-hatted heads of the driver and fireman protruding from the cab of the engine.

The driver had already arranged the special headlight code which tells the signalmen on the route that the train has already been informed of the raid.

In a few minutes—while the guns were still firing into the clouds—the whistle blew, the green flag waved, and the 4.10 for Somewhere in England steamed slowly out of Metropolis.

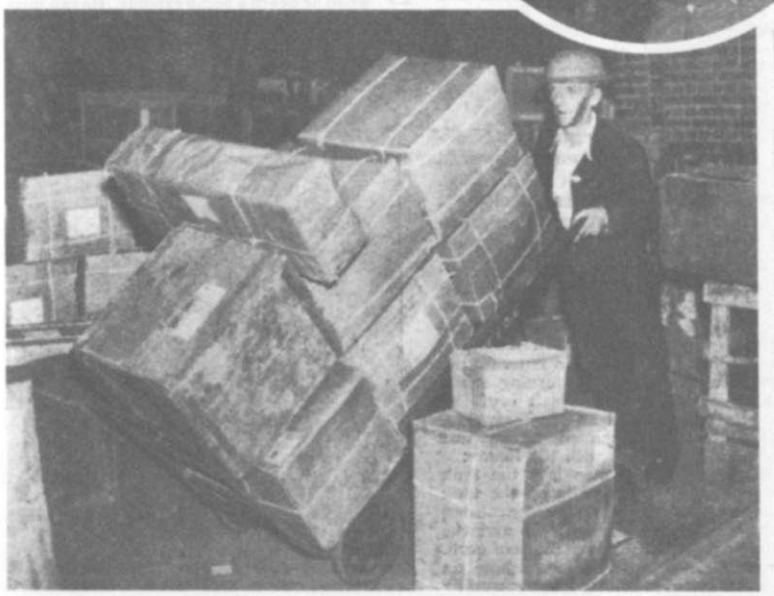
Until the train reached the limit of the air raid zone it would keep to a maximum of 15 m.p.h. Then, on entering the All Clear zone, it would be stopped at the first signal cabin and the driver informed of the All Clear. The normal headlight would at once be restored and the train proceed without speed restrictions. If it should later run into another air raid it would be stopped again, notified of the raid, change the headlight, and reduce the speed.

Inevitably the trains in and out of Metropolis run late. But they keep on running.

While the Alarm was still on I looked in at one of the signal cabins near the station. Like all the other railway personnel, the signalmen were still at their posts.

Besides their steel helmets they have been provided with steel boxes—one for each man and just big enough to hold him—in which they can take temporary cover if the bombs begin to fall perilously near. . . .

Darkness, and the night alarm. The buses stop, the taxis quit the streets. But passengers still make for Metropolis Station by Underground, and the trains are there to take them on their way.



A soldier is seen passing through the ticket barrier (circle), while, below, a porter hoists his heavily laden truck at the Parcels Office. Raid or no raid, the signalmen must carry on their job. They are seen, right, working the signals. They are given the extra protection of individual steel refuge boxes.

Photos, "News Chronicle." Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

They Were The First To Win The George Cross

THE names of the first recipients of the newly-instituted George Cross and George Medal were announced on October 1, 1940. The following details are taken from the official accounts in the London Gazette of the deeds for which the awards were made.

Thomas Hopper Alderson, Part-time Worker (Detachment Leader), Rescue Parties, Bridlington, received the George Cross for sustained gallantry, enterprise, and devotion to duty during enemy air raids.

A PAIR of semi-detached houses at Bridlington was totally demolished in a recent air raid. One woman was trapped alive. Alderson tunnelled under unsafe wreckage and rescued her.

Some days later two five-storey buildings were totally demolished and debris penetrated into a cellar in which 11 persons were trapped. Six persons in one cellar, which had completely given way, were buried under debris. Alderson partly effected entrance to this cellar by tunnelling 13 ft. to 14 ft. under the main heap of wreckage and for three and a half hours he worked unceasingly. Although considerably bruised and in imminent danger from wreckage, coal gas leakage and enemy aircraft, he succeeded in releasing all the trapped persons.

On a third occasion some four-storey buildings were totally demolished. Five persons were trapped in a cellar. Alderson led the rescue work in excavating a tunnel from the pavement through the foundations to the cellar ; he also personally tunnelled under the wreckage many feet into the cellar and rescued alive two persons (one of whom subsequently died) from under a massive refrigerator, which was in danger of further collapse.

A wall, three storeys high, which swayed in the gusty wind, was directly over the position where the rescue party were working.

Alderson worked almost continuously under the wreckage for five hours, during further air raid warnings and enemy aircraft overhead.

By his courage and devotion to duty without the slightest regard for his own safety, he set a fine example to the members of his rescue party, and their team work is worthy of the highest praise.

Temp. Lieut. Robert Davies, Royal Engineers, who was also awarded the George Cross, was the officer in charge of the party detailed to recover the bomb which fell in the vicinity of St. Paul's Cathedral.

SO conscious was this officer of the imminent danger to the Cathedral that regardless of personal risk he spared neither himself nor his men in their efforts to locate the bomb.

After unremitting effort, during which all ranks knew that an explosion might occur at any moment, the bomb was successfully extricated.

In order to shield his men from further danger, Lieutenant Davies himself drove the vehicle in which the bomb was removed and personally carried out its disposal.

Lance-Corporal G. C. Wylie, of the Bomb Disposal Squad (Royal Engineers), who helped to remove the one-ton unexploded bomb that menaced St. Paul's Cathedral.

Photo, Planet News

Sapper George Cameron Wylie, Royal Engineers, the third recipient of the Cross, was a member of the Bomb Disposal Section engaged upon the recovery of the bomb which fell in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's Cathedral.

THE actual discovery and removal of the bomb fell to him. Sapper Wylie's untiring energy, courage, and disregard for danger were an outstanding example to his comrades.

The George Medal was awarded to the following fourteen men and women for individual or concerted acts of gallantry.

Ernest Herbert Harmer, Executive Chief Officer, and **Cyril William Arthur Brown,**

First civilian to win the George Cross, Mr. T. H. Alderson, of Bridlington, a detachment leader of the town's rescue parties.

Photo, "Daily Mirror"

Second Officer, Dover Fire Brigade, and **Alexander Edmund Campbell,** Section Officer, Dover A.F.S.

IN a recent large-scale attack by enemy bombers on Dover Harbour, fires were started in ships and oil stores. Air raids continued throughout the day. During the attacks all members of the Dover Fire Brigade and Auxiliary Fire Service engaged at the fires did excellent work in difficult and dangerous circumstances and the fires were eventually extinguished.

The individuals named above volunteered to return to a blazing ship containing explosives, in which they fought fires while enemy aircraft were still in the neighbourhood.

George Archibald Howe, manager, Shell-Mex and B.P. Ltd., **William Sigsworth,** manager, Anglo-American Oil Co., Ltd., **George Samuel Sewell,** engineer, Shell-Mex and B.P. Ltd., **Jack Owen,** fireman, Kingston-upon-Hull Fire Brigade, and **Clifford Turner,** leading fireman, Kingston-upon-Hull A.F.S.

DURING a recent air raid bombs were dropped on an oil depot, petrol tanks being pierced in several places, causing serious fires. Mr. Howe showed outstanding leadership and organization in fighting the fires and conspicuous bravery in entering the tank compound, which contained burning spirit, to open the valves so that the stock could be transferred. He was assisted by Mr. Sigsworth, who also entered the tank compound and who was untiring in his efforts to extinguish the flames.

Mr. Sewell led a party of men into the tank compound and was also continually on the tank roof while the gas inside was burning, endeavouring to extinguish the flames by playing foam over the tank top and placing sandbags over the roof curb. Fireman Owen volunteered to operate a hose on the top of an almost red-hot tank after wading through petrol and water to a depth of about four feet. His clothes were thus soaked with petrol and might have caught alight at any moment. Leading Fireman Turner volunteered to assist Mr. Howe in fixing hose on a tank-top surrounded by flames from burning petrol. Their clothes were thus soaked with petrol and might have caught alight at any moment.

Miss **Sonia Vera Carlyle Straw,** Air Raid Warden, Carshalton.

DURING an air raid she volunteered to give assistance to the wounded. While the raid was in progress she attended a number of cases of badly injured women and children and treated several persons suffering from shock. She carried on entirely by herself without assistance for a considerable time until help came, and showed great courage and resource.

Two other women members of Civil Defence organizations, Mrs. **Dorothy Clarke,** Ambulance Driver, and Mrs. **Bessie Jane Hepburn,** Ambulance Attendant, both of Aldeburgh.

THEY showed courage of a high order and devotion to duty in rescuing a man badly injured in an explosion.

William Fisher, Dock Labourer, of Southampton, displayed great gallantry during an air raid.

HE rescued Gunner S. W. Jones, of the 21st Light A.A. Battery, from the Bofors gun-site on the roof of a building about 50 ft. above ground level. In the early part of the raid one man of the gun team was seriously wounded in the face and head.

Fire quickly broke out, and in addition to the ammunition which began to explode, ammonia gas fumes were released from a cold storage chamber below. The sergeant in charge of the gun realized the danger to his men and rightly ordered them to abandon the post. It was found impossible to get the wounded man over the parapet wall and down the ladder on to the crane platform.

Fisher then came up, and without hesitation made a rough seat of a sling rope and fastened it to the hook of the jib crane. After obtaining the assistance of the crane driver, he allowed himself to be hoisted on to the roof of the building. He then attached the sling under the arms of the wounded soldier and waited on the roof until he had been lowered on to the quay. The sling was then detached and returned once more to the roof for the rescuer himself to be lowered.

During such time as Fisher was on the roof he was in constant danger from the fire, the gas fumes, and the almost continuous explosions of shells. His conduct throughout was a fine example of initiative, bravery, and coolness.

Patrick King, Air Raid Warden, of Seaton Delaval.

DURING an air raid King was in his shelter when he heard a bomb explode. He ran towards the place where it had fallen and found that two semi-detached houses had almost collapsed. One of

Lieut. Robert Davies, who commanded the Bomb Disposal Squad which dealt with the time-bomb outside St. Paul's. It was taken to Hackney Marshes and there exploded

Photo, Fox

Fourteen Men & Women Gained the First Medals

Second-Officer Cyril William Arthur Brown, of the Dover Fire Brigade, is on the extreme right of this group. The Dover firemen and A.F.S. fought fires in ships and oil stores.

Mrs. Bessie Jane Hepburn (right) and Mrs. Dorothy Clarke, ambulance workers, of Aldeburgh, Suffolk, who rescued a man injured in an explosion.

these was empty, but in the other was a blind lady who had sheltered under the stairs. King managed to get through the front door and ascertained by shouting that the blind woman, Miss Hannah Wilson, was alive but buried under the debris. He borrowed a fireman's axe from a fireman who was on the spot and pulled some of the debris out of the way with it. Some of the roof timbers were obstructing him so he sent for a saw with which he sawed off lengths and used them as supports to prevent further debris falling as he progressed. He had to struggle for a considerable time through the debris, meanwhile encouraging Miss Wilson and telling her what to do. He managed with considerable difficulty to reach her and to clear the debris off her body, and eventually to bring her out into the open. The house was in imminent danger of collapse and King showed great courage and presence of mind.

Frederick Ernest Rose, Maintenance Engineer.

He was in charge of the salvage party at the factory at which he is employed. Although a raid was in progress and bombs and debris were still falling, Rose led his two assistants into damaged buildings and, though hampered by flood water and darkness, personally extinguished fires which had been started among some magnesium.

He then led his men on to another affected area and assisted to check fires which had also broken out there. By his personal courage and coolness he was an outstanding example to others.

Miss Sonia Straw, Air Raid Warden, of Caterham, whose courage and resource during air-raids has been exceptional.

The New Honours for Civilians

Broadcasting to the nation from Buckingham Palace on September 23, at the height of the Battle of London, King George VI. announced the creation of a new honour for civilians in the following words :

Many and glorious are the deeds of gallantry done during these perilous but famous days. In order that they should be worthily and promptly recognized I have decided to create at once a new mark of honour for men and women in all walks of civilian life. I propose to give my name to this new distinction, which will consist of the George Cross, which will rank next to the Victoria Cross, and the George Medal for wider distribution.

Mr. Patrick King, Air Raid Warden, who rescued Miss Hannah Wilson—a blind woman—from a wrecked house. He is seen receiving Miss Wilson's congratulations.

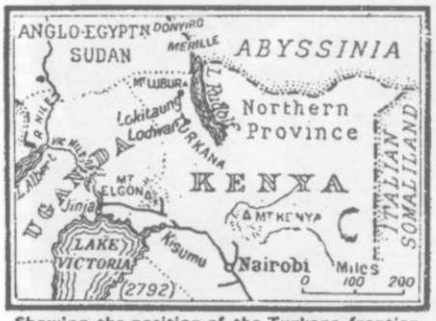
Section-Officer A. E. Campbell, of Dover A.F.S., who is seen being cheered by his colleagues after the announcement of his award of the George Medal for bravery in returning to a blazing ship containing explosives.

Photos, "News Chronicle," "Daily Mirror," Topical Press

OUR SEARCHLIGHT ON THE WAR

British on the Turkana Front

WEST of Lake Rudolf, which lies mostly in Kenya but partly in Abyssinia, is the semi-arid Turkana country, remote from civilization and inhabited by a warrior tribe. It has now been revealed by a "Times" correspondent that for several weeks past South African troops, complete with all auxiliary services, have been holding the Turkana front, thus protecting the desert routes into Uganda and Kenya, guarding important water supplies and safeguarding the tribesmen from Italian raiding parties. The inhabitants are aware of the danger threatening from the Abyssinian frontier



Showing the position of the Turkana frontier now being held by South African troops as a safeguard against raiders from Abyssinia.

Courtesy of "The Times"

and not only are they on the best of terms with the British troops, but they are themselves building defensive positions and helping to patrol the whole area

Japanese Double Dealing

IT is said that Japan's treaty with Indo-China was made not solely in order to give her a back way into China, but also to enable her to have access to the great mineral and natural wealth of the French dependency. These include iron ore, of which Indo-China has exported about 90,000 tons to Japan in recent years; coal, of which over two million metric tons are produced annually; zinc, wolfram or tungsten, and tin. All of these would be of use to Japan in her manufacture of war supplies, and the maize which is one of the country's chief crops would provide a valuable source of edible fats.

They Can't Have It Both Ways

ON October 2 the announcer on the Bremen radio stated with satisfaction that German airmen raiding London had already caused 13,000 civilian casualties. The next evening, with still greater pride, he asserted that the aim of the bombers was so accurate that only military objectives were hit and no damage inflicted upon houses. "German airmen," said he, "take a great pride not only in hitting their targets but also in not allowing their aim to be interfered with by atmospheric or other conditions. After hitting their targets, warehouses and the like, the airmen return home with the gratifying knowledge that they have not destroyed or even damaged a single dwelling-house."

Dakar Under Martial Law

REPORTS from French West Africa show that in spite of the attitude of the Vichy-controlled authorities, the bulk of the population is favourable to General de Gaulle and his Free French Movement. The people of Dakar appear so determined that the Germans shall not annex the port that the local authorities have taken alarm, have declared a state of siege, and have placed machine-guns in position round the town in order to counteract any popular movement. The Dakar municipality has been dismissed and a permanent court martial is dealing with a number of arrested persons. For fear of hostile demonstrations, the memorial services for the victims of the naval clash of September 23 were held on board the cruiser "Georges Leygues," instead of in the cathedral. All of which tends to prove that the inhabitants are more and more inclined to see in General de Gaulle the only possible defender of the interests of the French Empire.

Berlin's Voluntary Evacuation

THE scheme now in progress in Berlin for the evacuation of women and children to safe areas may be termed "voluntary" by the authorities, but actually it is one in which priority is being given to wives and children of members of the Nazi Party, and it is subsidized by party funds. This has all come to light since the issue of a denial by the Regional Governor of Berlin that a comprehensive official evacuation was taking place. The refuge zone is in the protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia. Private houses have been commandeered and public buildings requisitioned; and in one district, that of Olomouc, 170,000 German civilians will be housed. In the Vyskov district the Czechs have been ordered to vacate 28 villages, and in the Brda district 22 villages must be placed entirely at the disposal of the Berlin population before the end of this year.

The Nazis Could Not Hold Him

LANCE-CORPORAL GILBERT DONALDSON, a young soldier of the Queen's Royal Regiment, has reached his home in Scotland after a series of exciting adventures in France. On May 20, when his section was hopelessly surrounded at Abbeville, Mr. Donaldson saw that it was time to withdraw, and, having discovered an abandoned lorry, he took with him two wounded comrades and started off. Very soon, however, he found himself in German hands, one of 14,000 prisoners with whom he marched from Beaumetz to Doullens, and thence to Beaucourt-sur-Ancre. Here he acquired a set of civilian clothes and, on May 27, having evaded his captors, he set off northwards and walked for some days. Then for six days he was hidden and fed in a railwayman's hut, but, hearing on the wireless that the Dunkirk evacuation was completed, he abandoned his plan and, helped by English civilians, one of whom lent him a bicycle, he made for Etaples. Here he was put in contact with two officers who were hiding in a deserted lighthouse. Their joint plan to sail for England in a small boat he had discovered miscarried, and after searching in vain for another boat in both Boulogne and Calais and losing his bicycle, the indomitable young soldier returned on foot to Etaples and crossed into Le Touquet. Here he was arrested and again imprisoned, but on June 23 he managed to escape and once more returned to Etaples. A French N.C.O. doing farm work gave him a new bicycle in exchange for a promissory note for 1,500 francs, payable after the war, and, much encouraged, Lance-Corporal Donaldson set out for Spain, via Paris. In this city he picked up a sergeant-major from the Gordon Highlanders and, with 500 francs given them by a retired British officer resident in Paris, the two men cycled to the frontier of the occupied territory and crossed it at Leches. Thence they reached Toulouse and Mr. Donaldson decided to make for Marseilles. After a fortnight in Marseilles endeavouring to obtain an exit permit and other necessary papers, he ultimately managed to find a route which brought him to safety.

Lance-Corporal Gilbert Donaldson at home in Scotland with his mother after his four-months' journey from Abbeville, during which he was twice taken prisoner by the Nazis.

Photo, Planet News

No More Children Going Overseas

THE recent tragic sinking of the "City of Benares," when 77 children bound for Canada were among the 260 who perished, has caused the Government to suspend its Children's Evacuation Scheme during the present season. This decision has been reluctantly taken out of consideration of the best interests of the children themselves, for the dangers to which passenger vessels are exposed in the Atlantic, even when sailing in convoy, are enhanced by the gales and heavy seas prevailing during the winter months. Already 2,650 children have reached their temporary homes in other countries, but up to July applications in respect of some 200,000 children had been received by the Children's Overseas Reception Board, and the Government regrets the keen disappointment which will be felt by parents who hoped in this way to send their children to safety. It is, however, possible that operations may be renewed next spring if the conditions then obtaining make it desirable.

Captured 'Planes Tell Their Tale

WHEN a Nazi aircraft falls into the hands of the R.A.F. in comparatively good condition, technical experts make exhaustive examination of its equipment and test its performance. Much information has been obtained from such probings. It is noteworthy that more armour and armaments are now being used, presumably in an attempt to reduce the great toll taken by our fighters. For instance, a Junkers 88 dive bomber bearing the date August 7, 1940, was found to be equipped with six free machine-guns instead of the more usual three. On the other hand, one Messerschmitt shot down carried no armament of any kind—nothing but cameras. One fact that has come to light is that, although materials are good and workmanship sound, the performance of the German 'planes is inferior to that of their British counterparts. Thus Messerschmitts have less speed than Spitfires and Hurricanes and are less easily manoeuvred. When the superior skill of our British pilots is also taken into account, it will be seen that there is much here to encourage optimistic views on the outcome of the air war.

I Saw London Firemen on the Job

A fine tribute to the men of the London fire services, who "think next to nothing of bombs" was dispatched to the "Chicago Daily News" by Helen Kirkpatrick, and here, by arrangement with the "Daily Telegraph," we publish her experience of a night with London's fire-fighters.

OUR first alarm of the evening had been caused by a handsome combination of a few high explosives and a "Molotov breadbasket," and it was a pretty good blaze even in the eyes of the A.F.S., who do not consider anything less than a five-alarm fire worthy of mention.

Strictly speaking, it was not the first alarm that had been sounded, but it was the first our fire-fighting friends in the gigantic control-room, feet underground, thought we should bother with. So we piled into a fire car and dashed off to a well-known Central London street.

About 30 pumps were working on it when we got there, after making our way along the glass-covered street.

A building opposite to the one afire had been razed by explosive, and we had to climb over heaps of bricks to get up to the front line where hoses were playing on the top of an office building.

"Watch it. Hose coming up," and we jumped aside as another powerful stream leapt into the air. The accumulation of hoses, firemen and police in the small area suggested that we had better make way, so we stood on the steps of an adjacent building. Just then came the now familiar whizz of an approaching bomb and someone yelled, "Down flat, everybody!"

Our fireman guide stuck out his foot to trip me up, but I was already flat by then inside a door. A thud and boom sounded down the street and everyone picked himself up. An instinctive dusting off of hands revealed a slight sticky warmth and a flashlight showed cuts from glass on the floor.

Everybody had them, and then someone thought of a bucket of water in a corner. It was passed around, and we all dipped in, wiped our hands and concentrated on the fire again.

It was well under control and only smoke with an occasional flicker poured from the top floors. It occurred to someone that an old-fashioned gas street light was going as merrily as in peacetime. "Anyone got a piece of soap?" A policeman disappeared into the building and returned with a cake. As it smothered the gas out he called, "Hey, mate, don't forget to return it. I might want to wash me hands."

There wasn't much more to be seen there, so we moved off to the nearest fire station to find out if there were any more outbreaks requiring a visit. As we drove up to the station three distinct and successive whizzes sounded. We three back-seaters buried our heads in our hands, but not the firemen, who never turned a hair.

When the explosions sounded, hours later so it seemed to us, they were 50 yards away, and the car rocked like a ship in a storm. As we came out of our ostrich positions a sharp blow on the back of the car sent us to the exit with unparalleled speed. But it was only a bit of hot shrapnel, which dented the fender.

Behind us we saw a deep red glow, and without waiting further information we roared through the night towards it, not heeding the traffic lights and one-way streets. We made a pretty good guess at its location and arrived as a second group of pumps pulled up. It was another office building on the fringe of a residential area.

Our guide took charge of the hoses, and we ran them up through the building to the roof and clambered up after them—two firemen and myself. Twelve feet away the roof was a roaring inferno, and the hose was kicking like a mustang as the pressure increased. It was a narrow ledge, and I thought retreat downwards more interesting.

An elevator was still running to the top floor, with a woman warden bearing a tray of tea for the firemen. No sooner had my fire-officer guide established hoses in position and seen the fire was controlled than another broke out 500 yards down the street.

Off we went, and reached it before any pumps arrived. It was one of London's loveliest and oldest historic churches. Flames were eating the centuries-old beams like paper, and the beautiful stained-glass windows were cracking like chestnuts in a roaster. My firemen took charge, opening fireplugs for pumps which came up one every few seconds. I again retreated across the street.

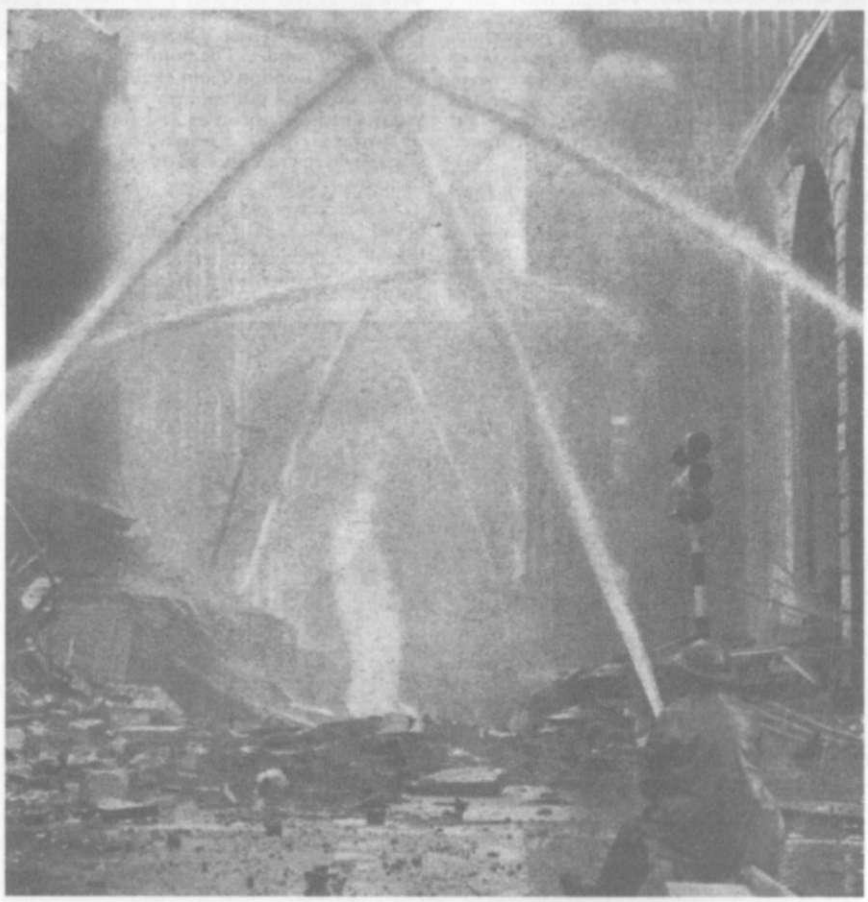
A little Cockney emerged from a shelter and shook his fist at the sky. "What I'd like to do to that blankety-blank so-and-so. E can bomb our 'omes, but when 'e starts on that"—he pointed eloquently—"where's the blankety military hobjective round 'ere? I arsks you."

There wasn't any answer to that one except an incendiary bomb, which bounced at our feet, sputtered away, and died out. The Cockney kicked it, then spat with more expression than any words.

A few more minor fires which only took minutes to put out, and the firemen dropped me at my hotel. They didn't refuse a drink, but apologized profusely for an "uneventful evening."

"Now, miss," said one of them, "I must be getting back to my fire," and off he went to search out more work in the black night, with bombs falling all round.

Today, when every other citizen of London is close to being a hero, the fire fighters stand out. There are no words to describe their fearlessness.



It is not only the damage that fires cause that helps the enemy but the fact that a big fire is a beacon light for the airmen who follow and often lights up whole districts. For this reason when a conflagration starts, the London fire services pour such a cataract of water from many hose pipes on the flames as is seen above. *Photo, Fox*

I WAS THERE!

We Found Ourselves in a French Prison

Two English girls—Miss Bessie Myers and Miss Mary Darby—who drove an ambulance in France, arrived in England in September 1940 after being prisoners of the Germans for three months. The story of their work under terrible conditions among French wounded and refugees, and of their imprisonment in Paris, is told here by Miss Myers.

IN June 1940 five women ambulance drivers who were attached to the French Army ran into a column of German tanks and were captured. When the Germans moved on after halting in a village square, however, three of the women drivers turned their wheels quickly and by accelerating in the opposite direction managed to escape. Miss Myers and Miss Darby were unlucky, for, telling her story, after her return home, Miss Myers said:

"Our ambulance was firing on only two cylinders, and it was hopeless to try to get away. At first the Germans treated us as a colossal joke—though actually I do not think they knew quite what to do with us. We were well treated and were passed on in charge of various officers.

"At Soissons the Commandant spoke of sending us to Germany, but we asked to be allowed to work among the wounded at the French hospital, and permission was given.

"I can't begin to describe the incredible filth and squalor that we found. Water supplies had been cut off by the retreating army, and a small bath three-quarters full of dirty water was our daily allowance to tend the whole of the French wounded.

"There was no organization at the hospital, and terribly wounded men had lain there three weeks with the grime of the battle still on them, and their blood-soaked clothes lying at the foot of the beds.

"We set to work to do what we could, but it seemed little enough. We were given a piece of cottonwool and a small bowl of water to wash three patients at a time. The food—soup and bread—came from the German kitchens, and there wasn't much of it.

"Then there were the refugees, in a huge camp near by. Some of the women were expecting babies, but there was no provision for them. We found one woman having her baby on a stretcher, without any attendance. We organized some sort of ward for the expectant mothers, and a midwife was found among the refugees. She stayed only two days, and when I saw the last of the ward the women were in the charge of one elderly Poilu.

"Suddenly we were arrested and ordered to move at half an hour's notice. I found out afterwards that one of the French doctors had denounced Mary Darby as a spy, and, of course, I was implicated.

"We were taken to Paris by car, and put in solitary confinement in the Cherche-Midi prison with other women political prisoners. Conditions were filthy, and we were eaten alive with vermin. We were not allowed to speak to other prisoners.

"For a month we were not allowed to see anyone but the warders—German soldiers convicted of minor 'crimes.' Then a civilian Gestapo agent came, and soon afterwards we were examined. Mary Darby answered questions for three and a half hours. She was very pale and exhausted, but insisted on standing by me while I was questioned for an hour.

"We were moved to the Fresnes prison, with others, and there we were able to talk. A Polish woman had been sentenced to 20 years' imprisonment for hiding Poles in Paris. Another woman had been given two years for saying 'Sale (foul) Boche!' in the hearing of a Gestapo agent. Another was serving six months for pulling down a poster depicting a German soldier nursing a French baby.

"After two days and nights we were released, and our belongings returned to us. We got in touch with Mr. Herman Huffer, whose ambulances we had been driving, and by his help got into Vichy, where we were presented to Marshal Petain. He thanked us in the name of France for what we had done."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Our Squadron Helped to Bring Down the 232

The air battle over London on Sunday, September 15, in which it was estimated that 232 German aircraft were shot down, has already been described by eye-witnesses on the ground (see page 332). Here we give an account of the fighting from the point of view of a Hurricane Squadron Leader, who broadcast his story on September 23.

AT lunch time on Sunday, September 15, my squadron was somewhere south of the Thames Estuary behind several other squadrons of Hurricanes and Spitfires.

The German bombers were three or four miles away when we first spotted them. We were at 17,000 feet and they were at about 19,000 feet. Their fighter escort was scattered around. The bombers were coming in towards London from the south-east, and at first we could not tell how many there were. We opened our throttles and started to climb up towards them, aiming for a point well ahead where we expected to contact them at their own height.

As we converged on them I saw there were about twenty of them, and it looked as though it were going to be a nice party, for the other squadrons of Hurricanes and Spitfires also turned to join in. By the time we reached a position near the bombers we were over London—central London, I should say. We had gained a little height on them, too, so when I gave the order to attack we were able to dive on them from their right.

Each of us selected his own target. Our first attack broke them up pretty nicely. The Dornier I attacked with a burst lasting several seconds began to turn to the left away from his friends. I gave him five seconds and he went away with white smoke streaming behind him.

As I broke away and started to make a steep climbing turn I looked over the side. I recognized the river immediately below me through a hole in the clouds. I saw the bends in the river, and the bridges, and idly wondered where I was. I didn't recognize it immediately, and then I saw Kennington Oval.

I noticed the covered stands round the Oval, and I thought to myself, "That is where they play cricket." It's queer how, in the middle of a battle, one can see something on the ground and think of something entirely different from the immediate job in hand. I remember I had a flashing thought—a sort of mental picture—of a big man with a beard, but at that moment I did not think of the name of W. G. Grace. It was just a swift, passing thought as I climbed back to the fight.

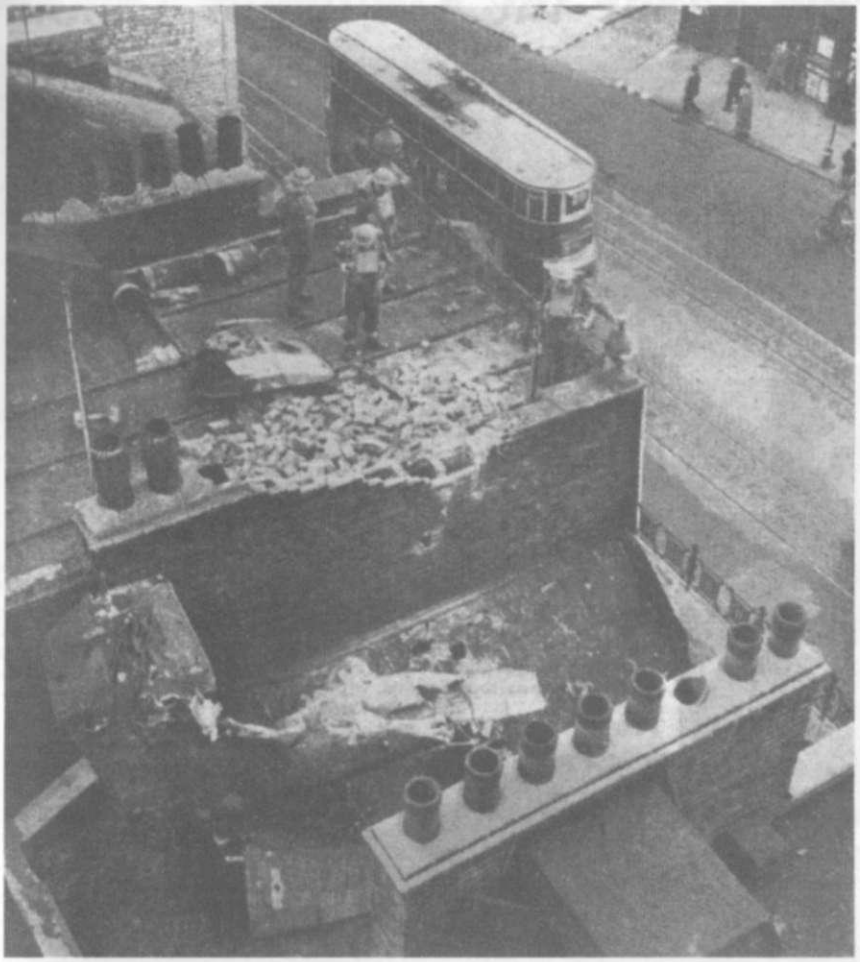
I found myself very soon below another Dornier which had white smoke coming from it. It was being attacked by two Hurricanes and a Spitfire, and it was still travelling north and turning slightly to the right. As I could not see anything else to attack at that moment, I went to join in. I climbed up above him and did a diving attack on him.

Coming in to attack I noticed what appeared to be a red light shining in the rear gunner's cockpit, but when I got closer I realized I was looking right through the gunner's cockpit into the pilot and observer's cockpit beyond. The red light was fire.

I gave it a quick burst and as I passed him on the right I looked in through the big glass nose of the Dornier. It was like a furnace inside. He began to go down, and we watched. In a few seconds the tail came

Miss Bessie Myers, seen in her London flat, attends to her correspondence. One of two English girls who were for three months in the hands of the Nazis, Miss Myers drove an American ambulance attached to the 6th French Army. *Photo, Sport and General*

I WAS THERE!



Here are the remains of a German bomber recently brought down in South-West London. Part of a wing and fuselage can be seen lying on the roofs above the street, which appear to have suffered little damage.
Photo, Sport and General

off, and the bomber did a forward somersault and then went into a spin. After he had done two turns in his spin his wings broke off outboard of the engines, so that all that was left as the blazing aircraft fell was half a fuselage and the wing roots with the engines on the end of them. This dived straight down, just past the edge of a cloud, and then the cloud got in the way and I could see no more of him.

The battle was over by then. I couldn't see anything else to shoot at, so I flew home. Our squadron's score was five certainties—including one by the sergeant pilot who landed by parachute in a Chelsea garden (see page 332).

Our Hudson Tackled Seven Messerschmitts

The Coastal Command was specially commended by the War Cabinet in September 1940, both for its steady performance of "often unspectacular tasks" and for its more recent successes in offensive action. The following story, broadcast by the pilot of a Hudson, is typical of the work of this branch of the R.A.F.

A HUDSON reconnaissance aircraft of the Coastal Command of which I was the pilot attracted the unwelcome attention of seven Messerschmitt 109s over the North Sea. The fact that I lived to tell the tale is the best possible tribute to the skill of my crew and the fighting qualities of the American-built aircraft we were flying. We were patrolling near the Danish coast early in the afternoon, flying just below the clouds at about 2,000 feet, when we sighted two enemy supply ships ploughing along in heavy seas. We decided to attack.

Those of you who have seen Hudson aircraft, or their civil counterpart, the Lockheed 14, would hardly believe that these converted air-liners could do dive bombing attacks. It's rather like an omnibus in a T.T. race. But they *can* do it—and quite successfully. So I put the nose down, straight for one of the ships, and we dived 1,000 feet. We released the bombs as we pulled out and they fell a few yards ahead of the target. I was busy climbing and turning for another attack, and the observer saw the bombs swamp the ship in foam. They exploded just under the bow and must have damaged it considerably. There was some A.A. fire at us, but it was weak and inaccurate.

We came round again for a repeat performance and started another dive. Just as we were whistling down nicely, I got a bit of a shock. Coming towards us from the east was a formation of seven enemy fighters—Messerschmitt 109s. They were in "V" formation and looked to me like a swarm of angry bees out for trouble. I decided that was no place for a solitary reconnaissance aircraft, and increased my dive down to sea level.

The seven fighters closed on us and then the fun began. My crew immediately went to action stations. I opened up the engines as we switchbacked and skimmed over the waves. Each time we turned the wing-tips were almost in the water. The Messerschmitts came up, four on one side of us and three on the other. They were a good deal faster than us and kept flying in turns at our beams, delivering head-on attacks.

Our guns were blazing away and I remember looking behind me into the smoke-filled cabin to see how things were going. Our carrier-pigeon, slung from the roof in its basket, was looking down at all the racket with a very upstage expression. The pigeon seemed to be saying, "I suppose all this is necessary, but please finish it as soon as possible."

However, the fighters were still going strong and so were we! I kept track of their approaches by glancing over my shoulder. Each time a Messerschmitt approached I gave a slight movement to the controls which lifted us out of the line of fire. I could see the cannon shells and bullets zipping into the water, splashing and churning up foam. Not that we were unscathed! Four holes suddenly appeared in the window above my head, and shrapnel and bullets were coming into the cabin pretty steadily. I was flying in my shirt sleeves and had hung my tunic in the back of the cabin. When I took it down afterwards there were four nice clean bullet holes through the back, sleeves and side. I was glad I hadn't been in it!

From the continuous rattle of our guns I thought we had sustained no casualties, but after 20 minutes, when I looked back, I found that the wireless operator, a veteran of the last war, had a bullet wound in the arm. But he carried on until the enemy broke off the engagement.

Up till then I hadn't had much chance of using my front guns. But a change in tactics by the Nazi fighters gave me a chance of getting in some bursts. The seven Messerschmitts weren't getting much change from side attacks, so they began to come from ahead. That was just what I wanted. By turning my Hudson at them I got home several hundred rounds.

By this time we were climbing up towards the scattered clouds, where the fighters still continued their attacks and turned the battle into a grim sort of hide and seek. At last we shook them off and were able to take stock of our position. The fight had then lasted just over half an hour.

The wireless operator came to have his wound dressed by my navigator and the rear gunner asked permission to leave his turret. When he came forward we found he had been wounded in the leg and, like the wireless operator, had carried on without saying anything about it.

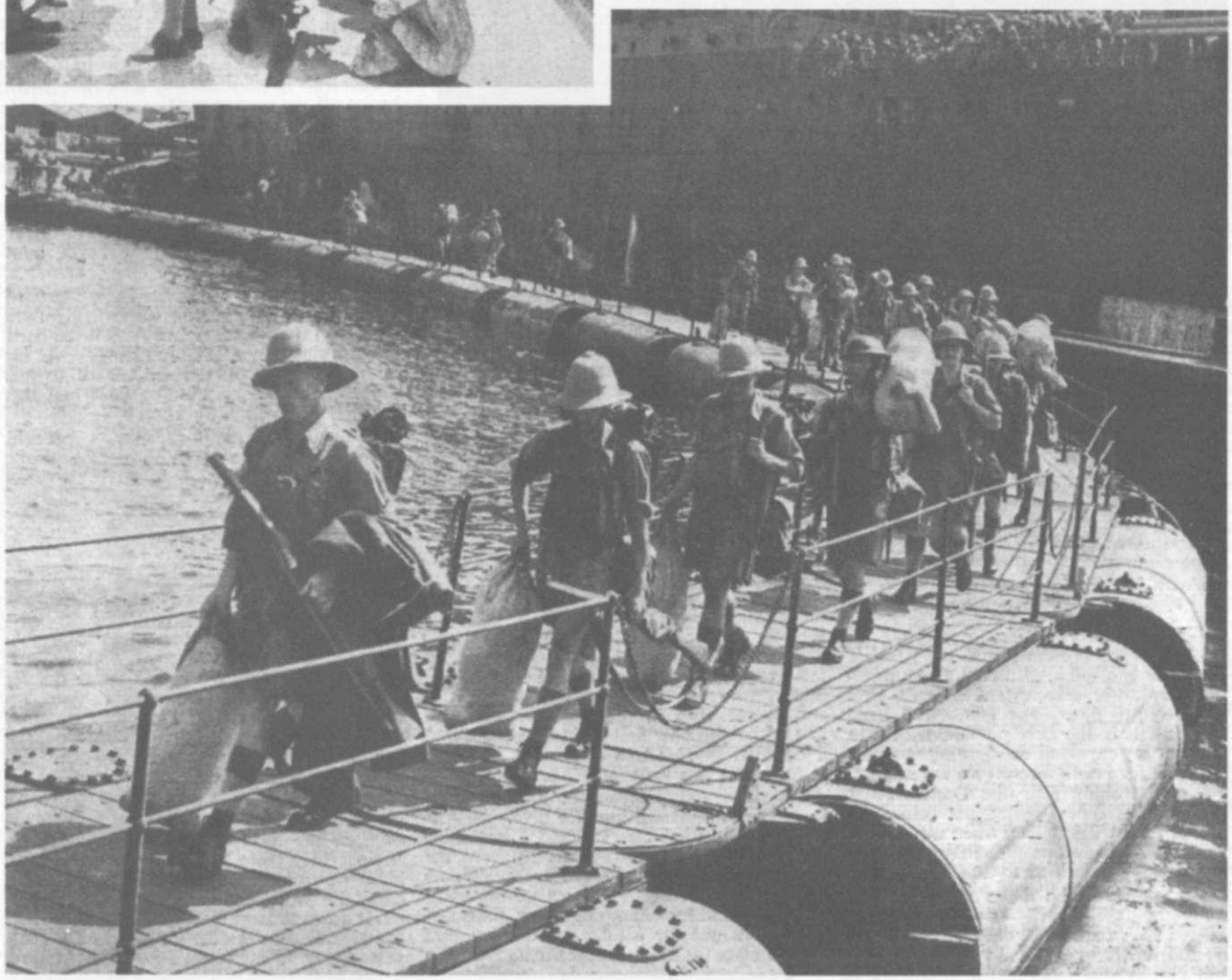
They had seen most of the fight and as their wounds were being bandaged I shouted above the noise of the engines, "Any luck?" The gunner held up one finger and then pointed straight downwards and grinned. Then he held up another and pointed slantingly down. This meant that one Messerschmitt had gone down for certain and he had seen another gliding down to the sea apparently out of control. The wireless confirmed our successes.

We had a long slog back to England—about two hours in a damaged aircraft. In spite of the hard towsing I had given the engines they were behaving perfectly, but I knew we would have trouble with the undercarriage. Sure enough, when we tried to put it down to land, it would only go halfway. We signalled to the aerodrome staff that we were going to make an emergency landing. I sent all the crew to the back of the machine to ease the trim. Then we came in. The wheels supported us a little and we landed quite sweetly.

From East and South Come the Troops of Empire

In the British Army in the Middle East British, Dominion and Indian troops are serving. Recently reinforcements have been sent from India as well as from Britain. Above, Indian troops are lined up on the quayside after disembarking.

ONE possible result of the meeting of Hitler and Mussolini in the Brenner Pass is a great offensive in the Middle East. If it should come about the Axis Powers will find themselves faced by very formidable armies, for the sweep of the British Navy in the Eastern Mediterranean early in October enabled a large convoy of reinforcements to be landed, while more have come from Australia and India through the Red Sea.



Australian reinforcements, including a complete squadron of the Royal Australian Air Force, have also recently arrived at a Middle East port. Centre is the scene when the last stage of the R.A.A.F.'s journey had been completed by train. One of the men is taking his first lesson in the new currency from a small boy from whom he has made a purchase. Below is the scene after the arrival of a British troopship with troops disembarking by a pontoon bridge.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

War Personalities—G.O.C.s of Home Commands

Maj.-Gen. D. G. Johnson, V.C. The new Commander-in-Chief of the Aldershot Command is fifty-six years of age and began his military career in the South Wales Borderers, attaining his present rank in 1938. In this war he commanded a division of the B.E.F. In the last war he served in France and Gallipoli and won the V.C. at the crossing of the Sambre Canal on November 4, 1918, in command of a battalion of the Royal Sussex. He got a bridge across the river and twice led the assault which turned defeat into victory.

Lt.-Gen. Sir R. F. Adam, D.S.O., G.O.C. Northern Command, began his military career in the Royal Artillery. He is 54 years of age. In the last war he served in France, Flanders and Italy, and was mentioned in despatches and awarded the D.S.O. and the O.B.E. During his career he has held many important appointments both at home and abroad; one of the last before he took over his present command in June 1940 was that of Deputy Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

Lt.-Gen. Sir G. C. Williams, C.M.G., D.S.O., has been G.O.C. in Chief of the Eastern Command since 1938. He entered the Army in 1900. In the last war he was mentioned in despatches seven times, promoted Brevet Major and Brevet Lieut.-Colonel, and was awarded the D.S.O. and C.M.G. He was promoted Brigadier-General in 1918, Major-General in 1934, and Lieut.-General in 1938. From 1920 to 1923 he served in India and in the latter year came home to take up the appointment of Deputy Military Secretary at the War Office. He was Army Instructor, Imperial Defence College, 1928-32, Chief Engineer and Commandant of the Aldershot Command 1932-4, Staff College, Quetta, 1934-7.

Gen. Sir R. Gordon-Finlayson, C.M.G., D.S.O., is G.O.C. of the Western Command. Fifty-nine years of age, he entered the Army in 1900. During the European war he was mentioned eight times in despatches and awarded the D.S.O. and C.M.G., and promoted Brevet-Colonel. In 1919 he served in North Russia. After the Great War he held several important staff appointments and subsequently commanded the Rawalpindi District, India, 1931-34, and from then until 1936 was Commander of the 3rd Division. From 1938 to 1939 he commanded the British troops in Egypt, and on his return to England assumed the appointment of Adjutant-General to the Forces up to June 1940.

Lt.-Gen. R. H. Carrington, D.S.O., has been G.O.C. in Chief, the Scottish Command, since February 1940. He is fifty-seven years of age and entered the Army in the Royal Field Artillery in 1901. He immediately saw active service in the South African war, 1901-2, and has five clasps to the Queen's medal. In the last war he was mentioned in despatches four times, awarded the D.S.O. and promoted Brevet Lieut.-Colonel. He was promoted Major-General in 1936 and Lieut.-General in 1940.

Maj.-Gen. C. J. E. Auchinleck, D.S.O., who took over the Southern Command when Sir Alan Brooke left it to command the Home Forces in July, 1940, has served during most of his career in the Indian Army, his last command before returning home being the Meerut District. In the last war he served in Egypt, Aden and Mesopotamia, was mentioned in despatches and awarded the D.S.O. and Croix de Guerre, and was promoted Brevet Lieut.-Colonel. His last appointment in India was that of Deputy Chief of General Staff, Army Headquarters.

Photos, "Daily Mirror," Bassano, Central Press, Russell, Elliott & Fry

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

TUESDAY, OCT. 1, 1940 *395th day*

On the Sea—British liner "Highland Patriot" sunk by U-boat in Atlantic.

In the Air—R.A.F. bombers attacked munitions factory at Berlin; power stations at Duisburg and Cologne; oil plants, goods yards, railway junction, canal docks in N. Germany; several enemy aerodromes and bases at Rotterdam, Flushing, and along the Channel coast, particularly Boulogne harbour and gun positions near Cap Gris Nez.

Coastal Command flying-boat fought 20-minute battle with three Messerschmitts off Ushant, damaged them and drove them off.

Home Front—Several abortive day attacks made on south of England. Small number of aircraft reached London and dropped bombs. Train and streets in S.E. district machine-gunned by Junkers bomber which was later brought down. Two Welsh coastal towns raided.

Night raiders flew over Central London in spite of intense A.A. barrage. Incendiaries and high-explosive bombs fell in N.W. and northern suburbs. Large hospital in E. London damaged. Heavy bomb struck houses in W. London and there were many casualties. Church burnt out in N. London.

Bombs fell on Merseyside town and several others in N.W. England. Houses and industrial buildings damaged and numbet of casualties. Midlands town heavily attacked. Bombs fell at numerous points in S.E. England, and also off Louth-Meath coast.

Enemy lost five 'planes, Britain three.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 2 *396th day*

On the Sea—C.-in-C. Mediterranean reported that British naval forces carried out sweep in eastern and central Mediterranean from Sept. 29 to Oct. 2 and landed additional military forces at Malta. Fleet was attacked on several occasions from air, but only losses were on enemy's side. Naval and air base at Stampalia, Dodecanese Islands, was bombarded.

H.M. trawler "Recoil" reported overdue and must be presumed lost.

In the Air—R.A.F. bombed oil plants at Stettin, Hamburg, and Bottrop, Krupps' works at Essen, goods yards at Cologne, railway junction near Hamm, and several aerodromes. Other forces attacked docks at Hamburg and Wilhelmshaven, ports and shipping at Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Flushing, and Channel ports.

Home Front—Series of daylight attacks made on London, all being broken up by British fighters. Bombs fell on coastal towns in Kent and Sussex. Damage done to housing estate in S.E. London.

Night raids were widespread and included Scotland and N.W. England, as well as S.E. areas. Bombs were dropped indiscriminately in London area. Buildings damaged included famous public school in N.W. London, a Saxon church, a police station, many houses, flats and shops.

Ten enemy aircraft destroyed. Britain lost one fighter.

Dover was shelled from French coast.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3 *397th day*

On the Sea—Admiralty announced that H.M. yacht "Sappho" had been sunk, probably by enemy mine.

In the Air—R.A.F. bombers made daylight raids on coastal objectives, including Rotterdam harbour, shipping off Dunkirk, and oil depots near Cherbourg. Weather conditions prevented night-bombing operations.

Home Front—Single aircraft made daylight attacks. Bombs dropped at random in London, Thames Valley, Essex, Kent and Cornwall. Midlands city and small town were damaged. Train machine-gunned.

During small-scale night raids bombs fell in two S.E. districts of London and later in south and west districts. Bombs also fell on a Welsh town, town on S.W. coast and a village in S.E. England.

Enemy lost two aircraft, Britain none.

Mr. Chamberlain resigned. Sir John Anderson succeeded him as Lord President of the Council. Sir Kingsley Wood and Mr. Bevin joined War Cabinet, and other changes were made in the Government.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4 *398th day.*

On the Sea—Admiralty announced that within the last few weeks seven German and two Italian U-boats had been destroyed and others damaged.

Stated that H.M. submarine "Osiris" had sunk an Italian destroyer in Adriatic on Sept. 22.

Reported that aircraft of Fleet Air Arm had destroyed two supply ships off Norway.

In the Air—Weather conditions precluded any bombing operations by R.A.F.

War against Italy—R.A.F. made successful attacks on railway and rail junctions in Abyssinia and Eritrea. Extensive aerial reconnaissances over Libya and W. Desert.

Home Front—Number of single aircraft scattered bombs at random over S.E. England. One demolished three houses in Central London. S.W. suburb attacked. Houses in N. London destroyed. S.E. coastal town attacked; historic castle hit and many houses destroyed.

During night raids bombs were dropped in Central London and in N.W. district, but attacks were on restricted scale.

Enemy lost three aircraft, Britain one.

General—Hitler and Mussolini and their Foreign Ministers met on the Brenner Pass for a 3-hour conference.

New Ministers in the reconstructed Government include (left to right) Viscount Cranborne, Secretary for Dominion Affairs, who previously held office as Paymaster-General; Capt. Oliver Lyttelton, who takes over the Board of Trade and is a newcomer to political life; Lt.-Col. Moore-Brabazon, new Minister of Transport, who has been Parliamentary Secretary to this Ministry for two periods; and Sir Andrew Duncan, who comes from the Board of Trade to be Minister of Supply.

Photos, Central Art Library; L.N.A.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5 *399th day*

On the Sea—Air Ministry revealed that recently U-boat was destroyed by bombs dropped from Sunderland flying-boat.

In the Air—In spite of severe weather conditions R.A.F. carried out bombing raids on oil plant at Gelsenkirchen, Krupps' works at Essen and other targets.

Coastal Command aircraft attacked shipping and warehouses in Brest harbour and barge and motor transport concentrations at Gravelines.

War against Italy—R.A.F. raided Italian port and depot at Benghazi and fired warehouses and shipping. Raids also made on Tobruk and Bardia.

Air battle over Malta. One enemy fighter brought down and another disabled.

Home Front—Air battles took place over Kent and Sussex coasts. Hastings twice attacked, many houses being demolished.

Night attacks directed mainly against London and adjacent areas. Many fires caused but were quickly under control. Bombs were also dropped at number of places in eastern counties and in S.E. England.

Enemy lost 23 aircraft. Nine British fighters missing, but pilots of seven safe.

Sir Charles Portal became head of R.A.F. vice Sir Cyril Newall, appointed Governor-General of New Zealand.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 6 *400th day*

In the Air—R.A.F. carried out daylight bombing raids on ports of Ostend, Calais and Boulogne, shipping and barge concentrations at Dutch bases, and Diepholz aerodrome.

Hudson aircraft of Coastal Command attacked two armed merchant vessels off Dutch coast. One Hudson was hit by ships' barrage, but pressed attack home, afterwards plunging in flames into the sea.

Home Front—Enemy aircraft flying singly attacked nearly 20 places in the Home Counties. One raider dropped bombs on a Midland town, and another in Central London. Houses were demolished at Folkestone and a Northants town.

Enemy lost two aircraft, Britain none.

Night was quietest since attacks began on Sept. 7. Few bombs fell near London.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 7 *401st day*

On the Sea—Admiralty announced that H.M. trawler "Comet" had been sunk by enemy mine.

Naval sources at Alexandria disclosed that two Italian submarines were sunk in Mediterranean recently, bringing number lost by Italy since she entered war up to 22.

In the Air—R.A.F. made day attacks on barge concentrations on Dutch coast and shipping at Le Havre. At night strong forces bombed military objectives in Berlin, including three main power stations.

Other forces bombed Fokker works at Amsterdam; goods yards; several aerodromes; harbours and shipping at Lorient and Channel ports; gun positions at Cap Gris Nez.

War against Italy—Reported that vital supply line had been cut by R.A.F. bombing of Aisha, station on railway line between Addis Ababa and Jibuti.

Home Front—Large numbers of enemy aircraft attacked Britain. Five attacks attempted on London, totalling about 450 'planes. Few bombs fell in S.E. London. Minor damage at Eastbourne, Dover and other towns. Two attacks in S.W. England.

During night high explosive and incendiary bombs fell in Central London. Damage reported from ten districts in London area. Elsewhere enemy aircraft were reported over N.W. and W. England, Midlands, Welsh coastal town, S.E. Scotland and Liverpool.

Nazis lost 27 aircraft. Sixteen British machines missing, but pilots of ten safe.

Balkans—German troops entered Rumania through Hungary and occupied oilfields.